

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE Voices



JOSEPHINE CURTIS WOODBURY

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Mary L. Atherton

837 Beacon St.,
Boston, July, 1897

Malden Mirror.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1897.

"Christian Science Voices."

"Christian Science Voices," by Josephine Curtis Woodbury, press of Samuel Usher, is at hand.

The author has evidently labored for more than a dozen years through the power of the pen, as well as in other ways, to present to the public a genuine religion in the midst of many counterfeits.

From the "Raison d' Etre" to the last article, "Who is to be Mrs. Eddy's Successor," there is no variation in the keynote which seems to be an unswerving faith in the inspiration of "Science and Health" and its author.

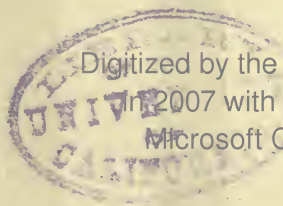
Mrs. Woodbury's writings in this compilation have mostly been published heretofore, a large proportion of them originally appearing in the Christian Science Journal.

One of the strongest essays is from "The Outlook," having been written by Mrs. Woodbury in reply to an article in that paper by Dr. Lyman Abbott.

Such leading dailies as the Brooklyn Eagle, Denver Republican, Boston Transcript and Herald, as well as the Christian Leader have opened their columns to Mrs. Woodbury. The volume is enriched by a photogravure portrait from a red chalk drawing by the distinguished artist Eric Pape.

A good portrait of an author is always a satisfaction, as it gives a definite idea of the mentality.

Taken as a whole, this volume with its clear print, finely finished paper, attractive cover and simple style of composition is destined to remove much of the existing prejudice against "Science and Health."



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Josephine Curtis Woodbury

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE VOICES.

BY

JOSEPHINE CURTIS WOODBURY.
A

1885-1897.



REVISED AND CORRECTED BY THE AUTHOR.

BOSTON, MASS.
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171 DEVONSHIRE STREET.
1897.

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BY JOSEPHINE CURTIS WOODBURY.

66855



IT is inevitable, in both hasty printing and writing, that errors creep in, — errors in dates and facts, as well as in grammar and expression. Therefore, in this compilation, it has been the author's effort to correct all such mistakes, so far as they have come to her knowledge; and this will account for some slight differences between her articles as originally published and as they appear to-day.

J. C. W.

With malice toward none ; with charity for all ; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right. — *Lincoln*.

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees his adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. — *Milton*.

And, behold, there came a voice unto him. — I *Kings* xix. 13.

Et prout vultis ut faciant vobis homines, et vos facite illis similiter. — *Luke* vi. 31.

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RAISON D'ÊTRE.

THE spoken word undulates into thin air, and so is lost. The written word lives on to chronicle human thoughts and deeds with unrelenting faithfulness.

Well for us that we are essentially our own Clios, to character each life "to the last syllable of recorded time"; for whether we reckon or not, all are transcribing angels, each of his own biographic page.

If history be best studied in books *not* professedly historical, therein lies sufficient reason for the existence of this volume of past Voices.

Though entering Christian Science as far back as the Autumn of 1879, not at once was there to me revealed the existence of any special cause demanding my personal championship; nor did I apprehend that my slight contribution to literature would ever rise in value; but as the years pressed on, re-fashioning me in their fiercely rugged embrace, 1885 found me with a renewed mind, not only "speaking the truth in love" with my lips, but with "my heart inditing a good matter"; and slowly was my "tongue" transformed into what the Psalmist calls "the pen of a ready writer."

However, as I was but an untutored author, it was easier to speak than write; and not willingly could I pose as a monitor over the motives and deeds either of myself or others. I could see that "old credulities should no longer bloom on the stock of history," but to myself pluck out these excrescences and thus forbid their wind-wafted seeds from flowering again, was too

daring a leap from obscurity into a waging campaign, fated to "change the trend of destiny."

The various pen names attached to my literary efforts were never of my own seeking; but only under some other signature were these essays or even my verses as a rule allowed to find a place in the *Christian Science Journal*.

Wherefore?

Let those reply who cast their dice loaded against the believing novice. Sentences are wedded to a writer's individuality in Truth, and whatsoever God thus joins together should never be put asunder.

May the mist of a dozen years mantle these early pencillings with a halo of charity as their crude diction vanishes in the afterglow of earnest endeavor! Would I had written better, yet mayhap I wrote, as our forefathers builded, better than I knew.

Herein, oh workers in the Master's vineyard, are heart-pictures gathered into a single gallery. Here, too, are amaranthine blossoms culled from arid hillocks whereon they were forced to rear their budding heads, and now transplanted into a pleachéd garden, but whatever fragrance they emit, may breathe to you some token of a soul aglow with holy purpose, though oft smitten on God's anvil, its metallic texture thus rendered malleable to the divine intent, its dross "burned and purged away" in the consuming heat of conflict aflame with the fire of sin.

CREDO.

I BELIEVE that God, in Jesus His Christ, manifests Life Eternal, whereby mortals may be delivered from all evil ; as is demonstrated in Science and Health, a digest of faith and practical holiness, born of its author's human experience, yet leading to present and future salvation, physical, mental, and moral ; though heavenliness is oft hindered by cunning thought-transference, developing intolerant vagaries, liable to deceive the unwary, by charging its own malice upon the heart-purity of others.



CHRISTIAN SCIENCE VOICES.

The Outlook.

Originally published in Christian Science Journal of July, 1885, over signature,
Christian Scientist.

PSYCHICAL research is the order of the day. From the farthest Orient, where the study and practice of occult science are most extensive, from the English society formed for its investigation, and from the general stir of thought in our own country, come the "signs of the times" whereby may be foreseen the dawn of a new era.

Mankind has become dissatisfied with material supremacy, finding no efficacy for fleshly ills in its pharmacopœia, no panacea for its woes in its tenets and laws. By the law of opposites, man must, of necessity, rush into the realm of mind, for the relief which matter has failed to yield.

"Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!" is the voice of the hour.

Sage and bard, theologian and scientist, for countless years have searched the endless expanse of mental wealth, power, and mastery. Has there ever

been a plumbline dropped so continuously as to sound the vast unknown deeps of Mind? The most gigantic intellect, the most prophetic soul, the most penetrating vision, gives but one response: "I find immensity beyond immensity."

So this psychic era remains unexplored. The most courageous navigators have left its currents of thought, — its cyclones of public opinion, — its trade-winds of peace and harmony, — its whirlpools of passion and fury, — its storms and gusts of hatred and malice, — its ripples and wavelets of gentleness, — all as undefined and unexplained as when first the study began.

But the chart and compass, which should steer the sailor through this troubled sea to the port of Heaven, were furnished by the Master. Apprehending this divine fact twenty years ago, a certain woman, with no friend to bid her Godspeed, gave to the world her inspiration, calling all mankind to battle on this issue: "All is mind, there is no matter!"

Herself raised from hopeless disease, she wrought long and patiently, in silence and obscurity among the poor, that she might bring to the public a multitude of well-attested proofs of the eternal law of harmony whereby God governs not only man but the universe. So misunderstood were her published

works, that many predicted they would never be sold or read. The author was taunted with opprobrious names.

Nothing daunted, she continued her glorious work of healing the sick and reforming sinners. The seed she sowed proved to be indeed the germ of Truth.

Behold the results! To-day Christian Science has a seat of learning, — called Massachusetts Metaphysical College, founded during John D. Long's governorship, in 1881; a Boston Church regularly established; a large and flourishing Association in Boston, with branches in Chicago and other principal cities; and a denominational monthly Magazine. The students of the College are widely scattered, healing the sick and teaching Truth. Surely the fruits declare the seed divine, for they are ripe with health and holiness.

The principal of the College was its founder. She is also pastor of the Church, president of the Association, and editor of the magazine. For which of her works is she stoned?

Why are her students condemned? Branded by so-called Christian ministers with such epithets as *frauds* and *extortioners*, denounced publicly in every possible way, both for their theology and their works, they go steadily on with their labors, advancing the cause of Christianity in patience

and love ; not answering accusation with counter accusation, nor insult with insult, leaving Time's winnowing to separate the wheat from the tares, but steadily demanding, with the invincible consciousness of right, that what brings out the most of good be recognized as nearest God.

There are charlatan mind-curers, wholly excluded from the ranks of Christian Scientists, who take advantage of the popular tide in order to make money and speak in the synagogues, thus defrauding the public ; but Christian Science turns not to the right nor left, waiting for the Eternal Judge to decide who are working merely in the name and who in the Spirit of Christ.

No one is recognized by the Christian Scientist Association as being a genuine laborer who has no certificate to that effect ; though many falsely claim the title.

The time is not far distant when the public will be roused to its very depths over the question of silent mesmerism ; which evil is concealed by two classes, — those who are ignorant of this mental malpractice, and those who practise it.

Ten years ago our Teacher lifted her voice, through *Science and Health*, in denunciation of what she termed Demonology, — the uncurbed power of one mind to control another. Animal magnetism and

clairvoyance were explained, and nothing was stated that has not since been found true. That which is false and unholy she justly exposed. There are still thousands of persons who know nothing and care nothing about understanding the hidden action of one mortal mind upon another; but in all quarters this apathy is passing away. By reason of Mrs. Eddy's labors, and the practical healing through her students, mankind is waking up to the great subject of metaphysics, so long uninvestigated. Although the English society has begun in the wrong direction, (with erring mortal mind) still these investigations are steps toward the right, for they recognize the need of knowing more of the evil power, and this research will lead to the remedy in divine Mind.

Christian Science bridges the awful chasm between mortality and immortality. It solves psychic mysteries, and opens the doors of the universe with the key of harmony. Its avenues all lead to God. The Christian Scientist finds that Jesus furnishes the way to, and the understanding of, the kingdom of Heaven.

History measures men and women when the prejudice awakened by personality has passed away. Time will give to the discoverer of Christian Science her legitimate place. Meanwhile thousands, whom she has healed of sickness and sin, "arise and call her blessed," and "her own works shall praise her in the gates."

Theology's Five Points.

Originally published in *Christian Science Journal* in issue of July, 1885.

THE Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D.D., in a recent sermon, gives the five points of the New Theology, as follows :

The Fatherhood of God ;
The Brotherhood of Man ;
The Leadership of Jesus ;
The Salvation by Character ;
The Progress of Mankind.

In this list he takes a hint from the five points of Calvinism, which are these :

The Fall of Man ;
The Redemption by Christ ;
Predestination ;
Perseverance of the Saints ;
Final Salvation or Damnation.

Christian Science states its five points as follows :

"All things were made by him ; and without him was not any thing made that was made." He finished His work and pronounced it good.

Man was made in the image and likeness of God. Jesus' life is the true way. He who "climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

Jesus did not do our work for us ; and we have the apostolic command that each shall work out his own salvation, and to continue the work the Master began. His bidding to the disciples was fivefold :

Preach the Gospel ;
Heal the Sick ;
Cast out Devils ;
Raise the Dead ;
Baptize the Nations into the Spirit.

Not once did he speak of death as a friend, or a stepping-stone to bliss immortal, but as an enemy to be overcome ; and he showed us the way to overcome it, — by preaching the Gospel as he preached it, and conquering sickness, sin, and death by Truth.

Anciently, Christians were known by their power to demonstrate their understanding. To-day it is accepted as enough if we simply believe.

What wonder, then, that Christian Science is flouted and maligned by an age asleep in beliefs, when it demands that again inward purity of thought be attested by outward demonstrations of power ; that sickness and sin flee before the stern voice of Truth, as it fulfils the law of God in Love.

Let Church and State frown and menace. The former cannot excommunicate this coming of Christ, nor can the latter legislate profitably against it.

We accept the *last* point of the New Theology

stated by Dr. Clarke, — the Progress of Mankind, and work for that end ; nor do we believe that our labors will cease until the full stature is reached, — the manhood in Christ Jesus.

No church creed to-day makes such imperative demands upon its members, as does that of the Church of Christ (Scientist) ; for these must show their faith by their works. Christian Science is a vitalized Christianity, with no ceremony or rites to cool its warmth in the Living Spirit ; rather is it a Christianity calling for a perfect reflection of the Life of our Risen Lord.

These Two are at Enmity.

Originally published in Christian Science Journal in issue of August, 1885.

WHY does error hate Truth? Why did the Jews, in the frenzy of madness, seek to lay hold of Jesus, and slay him? Had he given no testimony of the fount of Love within him except by healing the sick, the Jews would have tolerated him more readily; but they believed this man assumed the prerogative of God by destroying alike sin and sickness.

How was this work accomplished? By the understanding of the omnipotence and omnipresence of Life, Truth, and Love. He declared the kingdom of Heaven to be among men, and even then at hand; and at this declaration of evil's nothingness and unreality, in any form, it faded from his presence.

To declare sin unreal; to demand of greed, hypocrisy, and lust, that they fall prostrate at the feet of Love; to demonstrate the falsity of a claim to Life in matter, whether in its form of pleasure or pain; to make God (Good) manifest,—these were his missions. "Dust to dust!" was the mandate. Back to the nothingness of the lie from which it sprung,

back to perish, because melted in the fire of Love, or else to die in agonies of its own self-imposed destruction, — this was sin's necessity.

To destroy sin, Jesus exposed it, as masquerading in the stolen garb of Truth. He stripped from its hideous shape all disguises, and revealed its original condition, as the serpent of the allegory in Genesis.

From him the Twelve caught the keynote of divine harmony, and were filled with the Holy Ghost. For a short space of time they carried on the Master's work; but for ages the vital truth of Christianity, — that the understanding of God makes man every whit whole, — lay unused and forgotten; now it is brought to light by a woman, who declares Christ understood to be the stone which the builders rejected; yea, the "head of the corner."

How has she interpreted and given to man this divine Science of Life, for his blessing and guide? Through the purity of a life spent in communion with God, through self-renunciation, and through divine revelation.

When Mrs. Eddy's writings were first published, and the demonstration of their Principle was the healing of hundreds, the cry of error was: "She heals the sick through the devil; crucify her! She is a dangerous woman." The world would not accept the Principle, which is God; and when they could

not deny the works, could go no farther than to cling to her personality as the power by which she wrought what were declared to be miracles. She met and defeated this charge, by teaching the Science of Life to whomsoever would study, and the result from her students' healing belies the charge that it was her personality which accomplished the work.

When hatred and revenge claimed that she was not the author of her own books, law and justice settled the question; the plagiarists were arrested, and convicted in public court. To-day the chief of them stands under \$10,000 bonds to plunder no more.

Again, from various quarters we hear: "Mrs. Eddy is so wicked that she has lost her power to heal." This is a tacit admission that she once possessed the power, which is a tardy acceptance of her labors for the last twenty years; but can a woman teach others to do what she cannot do herself? To touch the hem of her thoughts heals.

Her College is always full of students eager to learn of its Founder. They go out in large numbers, finding themselves in possession of the power of the Spirit in so much as their lives are turned in the direction of purity and holiness.

The Christian Scientists' Celebration.

Originally published in Boston Traveller and afterwards copied into the Christian Science Journal in issue of August, 1885.

THE Christian Scientists' Association celebrated its ninth anniversary July 16 by an excursion to the Point of Pines. The Founder and President of the Association, Rev. M. B. G. Eddy, was present, together with nearly one hundred members, besides numerous invited guests. After several hours of social intercourse, a collation was served in one of the small dining halls, after which speeches were in order.

During the exercises Mrs. Eddy gave to the assembled company the spiritual interpretation of the sea, with its ever-changing expressions of beauty and grandeur; and as the lesson fell from her lips, each student realized more fully than ever before her power of translating the Scriptures into their original language, Mind.

Dr. E. N. Harris, one of our members who had the honor of presenting the subject of Christian Science for the first time to the Massachusetts Dental Academy, in an annual address at its last meeting, was requested to read the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That the Christian Scientists' Association views with gratitude and encouragement its continued increase in numbers, and its successful progress in the great cause of Christian Science and Metaphysical Healing; and most heartily rejoices on this, the Ninth Anniversary of its organization, in acknowledgment of the overshadowing Truth and Love, which, through the faithful management of its able and beloved President, Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy, has given it birth and being, — and will perpetuate its existence by a united and loyal membership through very many years to come, that its beneficent influences may be felt far and wide, in relieving and preventing human suffering, and in the uplifting of the race to a higher plane of health, happiness, and Christianity.

Resolved, That the Fourth of July, the day upon which this Association was founded, be perpetuated as a fit anniversary season, for giving thanks and rejoicings with the American Nation; but, in a still higher sense of Religious Liberty than that for which, on these very shores of New England, our Pilgrim Fathers struggled.



Item from Worcester.

Originally published in Christian Science Journal in issue of September, 1885.

THE Worcester clergyman who reproved a lady Scientist for taking compensation for healing the sick, adding that "our Saviour did not take money," made no further reply when she wisely as wittily retorted, that neither did the apostles preach on a four thousand dollar salary, the snug figure he demanded for his pulpit ministrations.

Language.

Originally published in *Christian Science Journal* in issue of October, 1885.

SOME years ago it was my privilege to obtain an interview with that famous tragedian, the elder Salvini. As he spoke no English and I spoke no Italian, we were obliged to converse through an interpreter.

I desired to express, to the greatest actor of his time, my enjoyment of his personation of Othello, and asked the interpreter to say to Salvini that I greatly regretted my inability to express my feelings in any language he could understand. His answer was: "Say to the lady, that there is one language which is the same in all climes and among all people, —the language of the soul. She has spoken to me in that language, and I also have answered her."

What is this language of the soul, existing outside of and prior to Hebrew, Greek, Latin, English, Italian? Whence came it? How far back in the buried centuries did it originate? What are its laws, —what the rules by which to master it? Is it finite or infinite? Is the human voice its mouth-piece, or the human ear its auditor? Can the human hand transcribe its meaning, or the eye of man

read its message? The right is ours to have these questions answered; and in the light of Mind, as brought to our age they are answered.

Shall Christian Science, which alone can interpret the "new tongue," old as the Creator from whose Wisdom it sprung, be allowed in pulpit, press, or hall of learning, to voice the language of the soul, which is the language of God? Shall the still, small voice, heard only when physical sense is hushed, leaving the heart free to catch incomparable harmonies, be denied its prerogative of dominion? Shall we, in wilful blindness, deny the prophet's right, God-inspired, to interpret the handwriting on the wall?

How did the Master of this language, — the sole Scientist of the ages, speak to the dead? "*Talitha Cumi.*" Was it the words, reaching her ear, that brought back the vital force to the lifeless maiden? If so, why will not the words perform the same miracle to-day? The erudite scholar, who knows the origin and history of those words, is nevertheless as helpless at the deathbed of a loved one as is the most ignorant heathen. The savant's prayers are as powerless to heal as are the incantations of ancient fire worshippers. The oral languages in which he is so gifted are dead as the lifeless form before him, but the language of Soul, the language of the Christ, is

living language. It is the "new tongue" of Holy Scripture, forgotten since the disciples lost the key that interprets to moral sense the unbroken message of Our Father.

Shall she who has found the key in spiritual perception, who comes with surpassing love, gentleness, and patience, asking leave to communicate this treasure to mankind, be welcomed? Shall her spiritual interpretations of the Bible find a hearing? Let coming ages decide.

There is no material cause, no selfish fame or glory, to be championed. This is the cause of God. Whoso lifteth up his voice against it, blasphemeth against the Holy Ghost; but to those studying faithfully this language, waiting to heed its divine behests, there comes the peace that passeth understanding. Their words are clothed with power over disease, sorrow, and sin, for these are they who "speak with tongues." Yea, their language is Christian Science, — the conquering voice of Truth.

Who and What is Right?

Originally published in *Christian Science Journal* in issue of November, 1885, over signature Christian Scientist.

WHO do men say that I am?" asked our Lord. "Malignity had searched him with candles." Envy, hatred, and revenge cried, with murderous hearts, "Crucify him!" Pride and passion betrayed him, selling their birthright for thirty pieces. Pomp, prejudice, Pharisaism hastened by "on the other side." Curiosity and superstition called him a false prophet; while ignorance accepted every libel envy or malice could suggest. Lust and sensuality demur at "not being let alone." They are troubled by ever reappearing Truth.

Who hath shown us the way which Jesus marked out? Is she right? No linguist taught her to utter herself in those tones which have become like the thunder from Mount Sinai,—heard around the world. No poet, sage or philosopher had the forming and delineating of her spiritual thought. No ancient or modern painter taught her how to transfer to mortal sense the eternal verities of divine light and love. No musician lent his genius to teach her how to live a life of unbroken harmony, and attune

the human heart to sing the hymn of the morning stars.

Alone, above, outside of all, she stands on that hoary height, up whose sharp sides no other steps have so directly toiled in agony and glory, except those of the blessed Master.

Dare you say that because this Messenger is a woman, she is not God's ambassadress?

How speaks He in His divine code of Science? It was woman who took three measures of meal, and put into it the leaven which leavened the whole lump. It was woman who took the ointment, and poured it out as an offering to the divine inspiration. It was woman who stood at the foot of the cross, when all the disciples had fled for fear of their lives. It was to woman that the Master first revealed himself after the resurrection. It was woman, clothed with light, who was to bruise the head of the serpent, while error stung her heel.

Who shall interrupt the work of God? Oh fools and blind, do you see the reappearing of the Star of Bethlehem as the resurrected Truth? No man cometh unto the Father save through the Son. Ponder and pause at the awful sin of any attempt to plot against His anointed. Any effort to subvert the world's knowledge of the true Leader, but lifts her higher.

It was Judas, not John, who, by betrayal, hastened the glorification of our Lord. History repeats itself.

When was ever God's right hand,
Over any time or land
Stretched as now, beneath the sun?

Will you borrow oil for your expiring lamps from her who has kept her own burning with the fuel of self-abnegation? Dare you sit as Rabbis of old, silenced, while you learn a Christianity which shall give you life more abundant?

Simple Trust.

Originally published in *Christian Science Journal* in issue of November, 1885.

DEAR JOURNAL,—As I was recently returning to Boston on a Western train, my attention was arrested by a family party near me, composed of a young father and mother, and a little child, a year or more old.

I watched and studied the group for some time, held, in spite of myself, by an indefinable something which shone in their faces, — radiantly beaming happiness; and I tried to believe that they were simply a very happy family. Soon I heard them talking, and their words were tuned in a joyful key. When the little child had made some plucks at my sleeve, I was glad to turn and say: “Will you please tell me, madam, what it is that I see in your looks? I think you have one of the happiest faces I ever saw.”

“Why,” she said, “if you loved God, and God loved you, and had done as much for you as He has for me, your face would shine too, I think.” Then I found that she belonged to what is called the Salvation Army, and this was her story.

Two years ago these parents were living in sin,—

the husband a drinker, and the wife not much better. A soldier in this Army went to see them, prevailed upon them to listen to his words about God's love. Their hearts were touched. They repented their past life, joined the Army, left their native place, and have been travelling over the country, never knowing where the night would be passed, or the next meal taken, but leaving all care to the Father.

Then I began to interest the woman in Christian Science; and as I spoke of the power of God to heal sickness, as well as sin, the happy tears rolled down her face, and she said: "Oh, let me tell you something now which I have not told to many. A year ago a large bunch gathered on my husband's neck. He wanted to go to a doctor; but I said, 'Wait, George! Let us just take it to God, and leave it with Him!' In twenty-four hours the swelling was entirely gone. I know God did it; and I am so glad to know that others believe that God will keep them from sickness, if they will only let Him."

I gave the woman a contribution (she thought for her cause, but in reality it was for the sweet, abiding consciousness she had of God's ever-presence and care). I told her she had blessed me; and she said I, too, had blessed her. And so we parted; she to go her way into the lower walks of life, where

all is dark and lost to a sense of God, to tell her wondrous story of Love and Light ; while I go on in the path which He has set for me. Yet are we sisters in Christ, and the mere accident of birth, which gave me the refinement of culture and education, and her a dwarfed and stunted environment, is as naught to Him who "is no respecter of persons."

Canon Farrar.

Originally published in *Christian Science Journal* in issue of November, 1885, and reprinted in *Boston Transcript*.

ALL the world may know an author through his books, and it is with something of the feeling of real friendship, that I read of the coming to Boston of this distinguished divine.

Many years ago, when a child, I learned something of the broad humanity of the man, through (to me) his best novel, "St. Winifred's." I can readily recall to-day my first perusal of it, when, alternating between smiles and tears at its exquisite portrayal of mirth and pathos, I did not fail to catch the wonderful beauty of the real teaching which the story, so happily told, was intended to convey, — the utter ruin and defeat ultimately following all meanness, cowardice and dishonesty; and the ofttimes late, though sure success and reward which persistent right-doing, under most trying circumstances and seeming destruction, inevitably obtains.

The book was written, I believe, either at the time, or soon after, that Canon Farrar was Master of Marlborough College, and his growth in thought has been constant ever since, until he stands to-day the

most renowned living theological representative of the catholicity of the modern spirit.

How much, or how little, he is conversant with the Principle of Christian Science, I do not know ; but with my girlhood's pleasure renewed, I rejoice to see from his pen — first and foremost beyond all other clergymen — the following masterly tribute to Science, from his address before the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore :

Let me add a word as to the beneficence of science. She has not only revealed infinite time, infinite space, infinite organism, but she has been a great archangel, hovering beneficently over mankind. She economizes labor, extends human life, and extinguishes human pain. She restores sight to the blind, mitigates madness, and tramples upon disease. After all these enormous services she ought to be cultivated, and we congratulate the University devoting so much to the subject. Whether our education be in the sciences, or in the languages, we must set steadily before us the one great object we are to obtain. Our education is, that we may become profitable members of the church and the community, and hereafter partake of the glories of an immortal resurrection. Whatever removes us from the power of our senses, elevates us in the scale of manhood, and that is the object of education.

Christian Science vs. Mind Cure.

Originally published in Christian Science Journal in issue of December, 1885.

TRUTH is manifest in unity of statement, quality, and proof ; error is found in multiplicity of statements, lack of basis, no lack of duplicity. Truth is born of Light ; error is the story of a serpent.

Truth declares that God made and governs the universe including man, and that all is finished, complete, and good. Superstition claims that a snake self-endowed with might and cunning holds the key of heaven, divides with God His power, gives man a choice of good and evil, yet at times possesses the entire control of him. Truth declares the existence of One Mind only, because there is one God ; error says there are minds many and gods many. All thoughts, all deeds, all sense are from God, and governed by Him. Mesmerism says one man holds jurisdiction over the health, happiness, and life of another.

Truth is a lamb ; error is a wolf. The atmosphere of Truth is Life and Love ; the malaria of error is the poison of malice and hate. Truth has never changed one quality, statement, or demonstration of

itself ; error is an adept at assuming an alias, or proving an alibi. Occultism, Fakirism, Sorcery, Necromancy, Black Magic, and Jugglery in general are unmasked, and we know them for what they are. Witchcraft, fortune-telling, clairvoyance, animal magnetism, will-power, and mesmerism follow in their line — the same old snake, the same old lie, the old claim to a power in good and evil, wrested from God and vested in man.

We welcome the increase of knowledge ; but ignorant evil is vanishing in the final frenzy of despair, “knowing its time is short.” Under the mask of “Mind Cure,” mesmerism may blatantly figure till Truth penetrates its disguise.

Is the Title "Christian Science" Legitimate?

Originally published in *Christian Science Journal* in issue of December, 1885.

INVESTIGATION and candor are handmaidens of Justice. The deeper the research the more perfection will be revealed in whatever rests on a divine Principle.

In centuries past, did Philosophy solve the mystery of God and His universe? Such gigantic intellects as Thales, Pythagoras, Diogenes, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, forming schools and gathering followers, devoted their lives to the vital problem, then passed away from the face of the earth, lost in the labyrinth of their own logical conjectures and vague conclusions.

Has modern Philosophy added aught but further meanderings in the same arid desert of doubt and bewilderment? Nay, "Christian Philosophy is a Misnomer," and it is with no hesitation that we declare Christianity to be unattainable through cold Philosophy. To quote from a well-known author, "Christian Philosophy means Christian Metaphysics, and that means the solution of metaphysical problems upon Christian principles, and Christian principles

are doctrines revealed through Christ ; revealed because inaccessible to reason."

After the futile attempts of Philosophy to solve the riddle of the Sphinx, reason had well-nigh driven man into atheism and scepticism ; then Theology took the key of the universe into its own hands, and Christianity appeared, to bless, and comfort, and enlighten the world. When faith became the prominent factor in the problem, there was hope for the redemption of the race, in the finding of a way out of the maze of doubt.

Over eighteen hundred years ago the way was revealed, explained, demonstrated. Why, then, has it not led to harmony and unity of thought, and conformity of action ? Theology to-day has as many diversified theories as inhered in Philosophy. Atheists and infidels walk side by side with "God-intoxicated" men. Doctrines, creeds, and factions multiply by permutation. The greater consumes the less, and in turn is itself consumed. Religion has counted Science its worst enemy ; but in this nineteenth century we are rapidly learning that Philosophy needs Theology, and both need Science to perfect the circle.

Man refuses to be satisfied with speculation, and cannot find anchorage in faith alone. Again the key is in the hands of a new warden, and Science

must interpret Christianity. She must take the throne before the senses and hold it; she must unveil the mystery of Creation, of Life, of Immortality, and she must do it with attestation.

The world demands facts. Every cause shall be tried by the white light of Truth. Understanding, absolute knowledge, — beneficent, exalting, and capable of proof because based upon Principle, — is the Rock upon which the future church shall stand — God understood, God practised, proved, and accepted, — this is the realm where Science, and Science alone can enter.

True to her fundamental statement, that the fact is that of which exterior sense can take no cognizance other than to deny, Science stands to-day, as ever, beyond the touch or taint of the errors of the past, watching the pygmy procession as it searches for God and man through shadow, fable, and allegory, proclaiming these words which have rung down the centuries to deaf ears: "Oh, fools and blind!" know ye not that God "hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes!"

Case of Healing.

Originally published in *Christian Science Journal* in issue of December, 1885.

THE beauty and power of Christian Science is best shown through little children. Not long since a boy of five years was taken suddenly ill with what would be called chills and fever, in a most violent form. His sister was playing in the yard with another little girl, my daughter, — then about nine years old, when the mother of the sick boy went to the door, and asked the little Scientist to go for her mother to come and treat the boy. The little girl answered, "My mother is not at home; but *I* can do just as well." Somewhat surprised and amused, the anxious woman said to herself, "She certainly looks as if she really thought she could help my child," and more for a diversion than anything else, allowed the little maid to enter the chamber, where upon the bed lay a sick boy writhing in spasms. It was a pitiful sight, but nothing daunted, the youthful healer sat down by the bedside perfectly still, and remained so for nearly fifteen minutes, and the frightened mother realized that there was a change in the boy. His eyes ceased rolling, every symptom of pain left him, and in less time than it takes to tell it, he was

peacefully sleeping. No further symptoms of distress appeared.

Afterwards, on being questioned as to *how* she did it, my little girl answered : " Why, I just remembered for him that God loved him dearly, for when we forget it, it always makes us sick ; all you have to do when you see anybody sick, is just to remember that we are all Love, Love, and it cures everybody."

Review of Martineau's Book.

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LOVERS of good reading will find a treat in Martineau's *Types of Ethical Theory*. Setting down naught in malice, a spirit of fairness and justice pervades the whole work. In sifting the chaff from the wheat, it assigns to Evolution its proper place, — a theory, and one which has utterly failed in all attempts to produce the moral from the immoral. An able writer in the *Unitarian Review*, in criticising the work, makes the following statement :

The substratum and essence of all being lies in the One Mind, — it is in the study of the laws of mind that we get the only explanation of the laws of matter. The universe is the expression of the One Mind ; it is the expression of one infinitely complex but perfectly harmonious and simple thought.

We note this author's use of capitals, and hope the time is near when the word Mind will be recognized as synonymous with God, and one as incapable of a plural as the other. We quote the following definition of right and wrong, which is at once so simple a child might comprehend it, and yet in itself is masterful :

Every action is right which, in the presence of a lower principle, follows a higher : every action is wrong, which in the pres-

ence of a higher principle follows a lower: for instance: The thirsty traveller in the desert would seize at once, instinctively, without thought, the draught from the spring which he has found at last; but he knows if he have a fainting companion, that his appetite must give precedence to his compassion, and he holds the cup first to another's lips.

Here is another helpful sentence:

Good is something which we may have. Goodness indicates something that we may be: an attribute, not an adjunct, of ourselves. The former is relative exclusively to our own wants, and would remain a lonely organism; the latter is prevailingly measured by the wants of others, which our nature is fitted to supply.

What criterion do we need beyond this? One more extract, and we reluctantly close the book:

Virtue is harmony won; merit is the winning of it. The former is a ratified peace: the latter the conflict whence it results.

Martineau borrows this latter quotation from Shaftesbury; but so ably does he use it, it becomes almost his own. Such gems as these mentioned, hold the thought and feast the earnest reader through the entire volume.

The Survival of the Fittest.

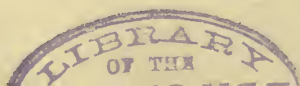
Originally published in *Christian Science Journal* in issue of February, 1886.

THOUGH differing widely in many fundamental points, the churches of all Christendom strike one keynote in unison, — that heaven, or harmony, is to be reached only through Jesus of Nazareth. The arguments and strife of centuries have not been over the righteousness of this conviction, but as to the ways and means by which we are to uphold it.

That no unanimity of opinion concerning any one method has yet been reached, is apparent from the number and variety of creeds, doctrines, and sects in vogue at the present day, each presenting its own supposed advantage over all others.

“No man cometh unto the Father, but by me.” Here is the emphatic declaration of the Master, whom all Christians accept as the central figure in history, — a reply to the cry from the human heart, “Show us the Father.”

We are conversant, as Christians, with the manifold prescribed ways of the past. We have believed on the Lord Jesus Christ. We have worshipped him. We have listened to the tedious controversy over his humanity and divinity. We have accepted or



repudiated the various doctrines of salvation, atonement, and resurrection. We have pondered long and wearily over the story of the Fall of Man, and the failure of God's supposed purpose concerning him. We have honestly waited for the theory of evolution to give us a clew by which we could reason ourselves into heaven.

We have labored to reconcile the statement of Darwin, as to man's origin in the lowest animal or vegetable type of existence, with the sublime declaration, that man is and always was the image and likeness of God. We have carefully considered the conclusions, — reached with wonderful logic and acumen by those moralists who, from necessity rather than choice, have become doubters or atheists. We realize the duty of the Church to respect their convictions since it can furnish these doubters with no convincing proof of their errors. We have watched the attempts to make Jesus a myth, as well as to deify him as God, and so place him beyond our comprehension. Now when the problem is nearly nineteen hundred years old, we look back at the long line of blunders, and are forced to admit that thus far all methods have failed in their purpose to establish man's happiness and harmony.

The seekers for the Philosopher's Stone and El Dorado were no more successful in their search than

are we for the open door to the Kingdom of our God. Sickness is as intolerable to bear as ever, and sin is as revolting and prevalent. Death is as constant and fearsome to mortal man now, as in years and ages past.

If we admit that Jesus mastered all three of these terrors, and gave us the promise that we should do even greater works than his, where lies the fault? Were his words meaningless? If he lived such a life of sublimity, holiness, and power, as made him incapable of being paralleled, then he was an example only in theory; and time and energy are wasted in attempts to imitate him, since the task is impossible.

There is but one reason why the average Christian of to-day does not heal himself and others. He cannot! There has been no systematic healing in the line of the Master's word, since the days of the apostles, because none have thoroughly understood his teachings, implicitly followed his commands, or devoutly walked in his footsteps. Christianity has been believed, preached, and followed, always with limitations, until the discoverer of Christian Science appeared on the threshold of a new era. She revealed a new interpretation of the Scriptures, declaring Christianity an education to be gained, a life to be lived. To cast aside all of earth, its temptations and its possessions; to throw one's whole influence

into the scale with God; to incorporate into every thought, word, and deed, the matchless example of our risen Lord, — meekly and reverently to bow the head when the holy dews of divine grace descend on man with healing power, — this was the duty she proclaimed.

The marvel of the nineteenth century is Christian Science. It is the lamblike idea of God, “dumb before his shearer;” the Lamb of God “which taketh away the sin of the world.”

Christian Science.

Originally published in the *East Boston Advocate*, February 20, 1886.

HISTORY shows that every great emergency has been coupled with the great men or women fitted to cope with it.

The world chafes at material restraint. Rigid compliance with hygienic mandates does not yield the desired result nor does adherence to creed or doctrine banish invalidism. "Give us something which will make us well and happy," is the despairing cry of humanity; and in exact proportion to this present dire need of the world is Christian Science able to answer the cry, bringing as it does, wherever understood and practised, increased health and holiness.

The discoverer of Christian Healing, Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, was instructed by Truth, when (seeking a name for the incomparable gift that she brought to man's consideration) she yoked in an eternal bond of harmony and peace the grandest two words in human thought, — names which ignorance and superstition had hitherto estranged, — Christianity and Science.

These are her words :

In the nineteenth century I affix for all time the word Christianity to Science, and call the world to battle on this issue.

Science means understanding ; Christ means God or Truth ; and we should see so-called sciences fading away, to give place to the only real science, — the Science of Christ-Truth, or Christian Science.

There is no proper material, medical, or human science ; since that cannot be scientific which is not based on eternal Truth ; and neither matter, medicine, nor human thought, is identified with Truth. We know how much and yet how little sages and bards, theologians and scientists, have left us as a legacy of thought ; and we are conversant with this fact, — that, without exception they unite in one statement, “ I have learned that I do not know ! ” The same questions torture and perplex the philosopher of to-day, as bothered Plato, Socrates, and Spinoza. Each in his day advanced a new theory, only to have it set aside by his successor.

As to any advance in medicine, we find it a theory in origin and a theory still. It originated among Pagan priests, who claimed that their prescriptions were given through a deity ; and the masses, in full belief that the priests held special communion with the gods, from which laymen were debarred, took the drugs, and recovered or not, in exactly the same

way as people take medicine to-day, only transferring their faith from priest to physician; while the majority are now in about the same state of ignorance as to why they do or do not recover, as were our fellow-beings ages ago. Medicine was originally used as a blind; and priests governed through will-power, mesmerism, or whatever may be called the influence of one person over another; but it was believed that the same god who made people ill also made them well; and this tradition still holds somewhat in popular thought,—that God both makes healthy and unhealthy; a delusion which fades away, when the God taught by Christian Science is understood, as making well but not sick.

It is not my purpose here to attempt to decry the many honest and unselfish physicians who are steadily laboring to benefit the world, for words are empty and Christian Scientists must continue to prove their superiority over doctors. They must go on meekly and quietly, taking cases physicians give up; and it might be here stated that nine-tenths of the cases Christian Scientists heal, or are allowed to handle, have been pronounced incurable by the regular practitioner.

One word more on the subject of medicine. We welcomed the advent of homœopathy, because it was a great step beyond its predecessor, allopathy.

Allopathists treated by matter only ; while homœopaths found that patients recovered with equal rapidity when mind was considered a factor in the case. Cupping, leeches, bleeding, salivation passed away with other mistaken practices, and we breathed more freely when water, fresh air, and food were allowed to fever-patients. Under the new *régime* little folks could take medicine comfortably, instead of being held by main force while some noxious potion was administered. Children like homœopathic doses, and such simple remedies were found successful in juvenile complaints. They were nearer the right way, nearer the loving way, than the ancient horrors of castor-oil, calomel, aloes, paregoric, or rhubarb.

Homœopathy prepared the way for Christian Science, by admitting mind as an important curative factor, and we owe much of the great success of our cause to the faithful work which the physicians of Hahnemann's school did in the past, and are still doing ; since any movement which takes away or subordinates limitations, is a march in the right direction. Homœopathy has done for medicine what evolution has done for religion, — exposed the weak points, and furnished some means of strengthening them.

Surgery and anatomy, in the hands of the best doctors in our land, searched in vain for an encysted

bullet, only to find, by a post-mortem examination, that the troublesome lead was within easy reach of their instruments ; but they dared not probe bravely for the intruder, because consciously ignorant of its whereabouts. Garfield passed away because nobody knew enough to save him. This is no isolated case, but one of thousands ; drugs proving as ineffectual with Grant as did surgery with Garfield.

Alcohol for strength, and an anæsthetic for rest, — is not this the last resort of medicine ? Does the former give permanent strength, or the latter, lasting painlessness ? Would that the world knew that Christian Science brings eternal strength, as well as the peace that passeth human understanding. Morphine and cocaine may temporarily absolve one's mind from the consciousness of his body, but how awful is the awakening ! To be present with Principle, which is Good, is to be scientifically absent from the body, as sentient matter.

It is ten years since Mrs. Eddy gave the world Christian Science. It was indeed a seed of Truth, for, behold it has spread into a tree, and already not only fowls, but birds of prey, would lodge in its branches, and enjoy or spoil its fair fruit ; but the Tree of Life springs from God, and is guarded by the two-edged sword of Truth.

Christian Science has "come to stay." It is wonderfully blessed in its efforts. Its seat of learning,—Massachusetts Metaphysical College, of which Mrs. Eddy is both Founder and President, is the parent of its minor institutions.

The Church of Christ (Scientist) holds its services in Chickering Hall, Boston, and its Sunday-school is a great attraction, as the alphabet of Christian Healing, with special reference to the life of Jesus, is taught freely and gladly.

The Boston Christian Scientist Association has been hitherto the chief society; but steps have been recently taken toward a National Christian Scientist Association, which held its first meeting in New York City, last February, delegates from four branch associations being present. The interest in this movement is intense, and at the next regular meeting we shall welcome delegates from north, south, east, and west, thus bringing into a common body our many practitioners.

The Christian Science Journal, a monthly magazine, enlarged its publication by five hundred copies last month.

The patients who call on Christian Scientists for aid include physicians, clergymen, lawyers, artists, poets, and authors. In fact, they come from the higher walks of human culture, to seek rest and peace from

their labors, in a vitalizing thought, which shall aid, bless, and uplift their natures.

Time, that grim critic, settles all questions, and we have only to wait for Kronos to show how fully our cause is the cause of God. Every seeming defeat, every effort made to malign or retard it, but brings it more fully before the public, and proves the very measure which gives an impetus in the right direction ; so we cannot but be grateful to everybody who talks or writes about it. Scientists should be too busy healing the sick and helping the sinner, — thus working in the Master's vineyard, — to seek or desire any advertisement of themselves. Rather should their work speak in tones heard around the world. Every case healed wins hundreds of others. Each faithful Christian Scientist finds his practice steadily increasing, and learns that the more he gives out the healing power the more he adds to his own store ; nor is he followed, day and night, by that ogre which haunts doctors and clergy as well as the laity, — nervous prostration. The Christian Scientist's strength is "new every morning and fresh every evening." His medicine being Truth, he knows it must do its work. In the columns of the *Christian Science Journal* are regularly published records of authentic cures, in as great a number and variety as space will permit, and investigation con-

cerning them is always welcome. It will be noticed that sprains, contusions, bone difficulties, heart disease, consumption, humors, cases of poison, inflammations, intemperance, and congestions, yield readily to this treatment. Pneumonia, that great bugbear of the doctors, has many times been completely broken up in one treatment, while diphtheria and scarlet fever are being constantly and successfully handled.

Another great advantage which Christian Scientists possess, is their control over what are termed contagious diseases. If a case of measles, whooping cough, or chicken pox be cured by one of these healers nobody catches it, although constantly in the presence of the invalid. Over and over again has this fact been demonstrated, and the public has only to avail itself of the blessing. Contagion is not carried about by or in the flesh, however fine a microscope be devised to maintain that opinion; since Christian Scientists are abundantly able to prevent contagion. History gives ample proof of persons who, like Florence Nightingale, worked freely and fearlessly amidst pestilence and epidemic, yet found no evil results accruing. It is the understanding of God which protects Scientists from the "terror by night, the pestilence that walketh in darkness, the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

Contagion is bred from the germ of fear, not flesh; and "perfect Love casteth out fear."

Watch the Scientists in their work! See them enter the infected house and with silent meekness turn it into a palace of purity. Their Truth is a mental disinfectant, sweetening the atmosphere.

The purpose of this article has been to show some of the practical workings of Christian Science, not to enter into a lengthy analysis of its theology or Principle. Many are telling what they think it is, or want others to think it; but these babblers are so crude, so shallow, so personal in all their insinuations and attacks, that it is very palpable that fear of its achievements and hatred of its adherents are the motives behind their words, and we can only treat them with the contempt they deserve.

All who are really anxious to know the facts of Christian Science, will find them in Mrs. Eddy's work, *Science and Health*. A forthcoming edition is enlarged, perfected, and made into one volume. New chapters on the Apocalypse have been added. He who reads it once will read it many times and will find new beauties with each perusal. Its substance is the Bread of Life, which feeds the multitude. It is a missionary, as well as physician, presenting the Bible in a clearer light than ever before.

Would you penetrate the mystery of Christian Science? Would you know the panacea which lies hidden in the pages of *Science and Health*? Then, know it is the Three-in-One, and this one a daily, hourly, absolute, infallible, eternal Christianity; a life problem wrought out in the understanding of the perfect and divine Principle of Life, Truth, and Love, whose ultimate solution is health, happiness, holiness, immortality.

Lens and Prism.

Originally published in the Christian Science Journal in issue of March, 1886.

ANIMAL magnetism is an imperfect lens, fitted to the eye of ignorance, malice, and superstition, through which it gazes at the chimeras of its own belief — its ghosts, goblins, and demons.

Christian Science is the prism of Truth, by which we divide into all their iridescent beauty and positive identity, the perfect creations of that I which is the Infinite Intelligence.

A Catholic Convert.

Copy of letter written to J. C. W. and published in Christian Science Journal in issue of April, 1886.

I WAS born and brought up in the Catholic faith. From the age of ten years I was a great sufferer from chronic catarrh. Last October I became interested in Christian Science, left my old Church, and joined the Sunday-school of the Church of Christ (Scientist). A short time before I put myself under treatment with Mrs. Woodbury, and was perfectly healed myself. My baby was cured of whooping cough and congestion in one week. This child was born without a palate ; but, thanks to Christian Science, the defect is fast being remedied. I feel sure that this Science has saved my baby's life. M. H.

John G. Whittier.

Originally published in *Christian Science Journal* in issue of April, 1886, over signature "Student."

WHILE intellect and reason may concur in giving to Browning and Dante a prominent place in the long line of the world's great poets, the heart pleads for the Quaker Bard, of our own time and land.

Word-pictures may awe and thrill us, rhetoric and grace of diction may charm the ear; but the keynote of harmony, running through Whittier's rhymes, has its chord in the human affections.

When faith in man wanes, and the thick clouds of doubt seem to obscure the light of God's face, new hope and courage steal into the thought from reading his verses, where shines the steady light of an abiding consciousness in Love.

What poet have we, who carries with him a more fixed conviction of the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of Jesus? Peacemaker by birth and persuasion, his religious hymns pour oil upon the troubled waters of mortal hatred and warfare. But let us not forget that this innate love of peace has never led him into making peace with sin. We remember

where he was found in those awful days of riot and bloodshed, during our Civil War. We know how his verses rang out a scathing rebuke of oppression ; how he hurled the thunderbolts of Divine Justice upon all who upheld slavery ; how he stood shoulder to shoulder with Garrison in that time which might bring, — to each and all who spoke for human liberty, — death at the hands of an assassin or a mob.

It was given to Whittier and to Garrison to see, what few reformers or patriots have seen, the triumph of that cause, to advance which they had held their lives but in God's keeping.

The abolition of African slavery was one of the greatest, grandest works ever accomplished, and it was a fitting predecessor to the abolition and destruction of mental slavery. Let us, who have enrolled our names in this high service of Almighty God, keep ever, in fond remembrance and emulation, the watch-cry which Garrison made immortal : —

I will be as harsh as Truth, and as uncompromising as Justice. I am in earnest. I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard.

Looking Back.

Originally published in *Christian Science Journal* in issue of May, 1886.

JESUS once said: "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

As Christian Scientists we have taken a stand before the world, — the avowed exponents of a religion which claims to set forth the only way into the kingdom of heaven.

We declare, privately and publicly, that our lives are the proofs of our power.

No Christian sect, — past or present, professes to possess so much of Christianity as does this to which we belong. Hence we both merit and receive, more than any others, the awful condemnation which is the inevitable result of wrongdoing.

Every student of our College, — whether faithless or faithful to its teachings, knows, beyond all doubt, that Christian Science is the narrow way that leads to Eternal Life. As students and practitioners of this Science, then, we have put our hands to the plough; and we understand the meaning of this plough of Truth.

From our first oral lesson, through all succeeding



ones, either by tongue or pen, have we been faithfully instructed in the manner of its working. We have been shown how it is to subsoil the whole ground of error, upturning, in its course, every poisonous weed of evil sown in the garden of self.

Pride in birth or attainments ; envy of others' prosperity ; jealousy of the success gained by those more deserving than ourselves ; ambition to be known of men ; hatred in its every degree, yea, more than all, self-will and self-justification, — these must be uprooted, and left to perish in the white light of Love. Not a hidden sin, not a lurking vice, can lie so far below the surface as to withstand the upheaval.

This have we learned, indeed ; but we have been led still higher in Divine Science. We understand whose hand is to guide this plough, — the solemn fact that each one of us is to turn its edge in upon himself, — that thus may be fulfilled the law, " Work out your own salvation."

By the high courage gained from her own heroism has our Teacher shown us how to guide the plough-share, how to hold the hand steadfast, — never flinching, never losing hold, though it tear down into the very depths of the human heart, revealing to our astonished gaze the concealed gods to which the mortal affections had clung.

Did she not tell us that the hours would come,

when, footsore and weary, — with valorous strength well-nigh spent, and the night coming on, — we might faint, and fall into the very furrows which we had had the bravery to draw? Did she leave us comfortless in such extremity? Nay, she bade us “Be of good cheer;” to rise and struggle on, though the hand seemed powerless to longer control the plough; and to remember that while, with our fast falling tears of repentance and humility, we watered the soil hard-parched with sin, it would soften under our feet, the furrows would run easier, light and hope would dawn once more, and we could press on, all the stronger and purer, for our Marahs and Bethels.

But if we left the plough, and turned away to the smooth fields of error, — though we had journeyed far and long, — backward and ever backward must we retrace our steps, only to find our unfinished work, crusted by time and deteriorated by neglect, still awaiting and condemning us, needing to be fertilized with drops of agony.

Can we overlook, as we work our way into holiness, — or shall we forget for one instant, — that our standing firm at the post, whether of duty or danger, is the beacon of help to those behind us, who shall ask the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward?

If then we fail or falter, we do it not for ourselves

alone, but for all who are watching us. Dare we, as Christian Scientists, — professed disciples of the Master, claiming to fulfil his commands, knowing that we possess the Truth, realizing that to us are coming the sin-sick and the suffering, asking to obtain the Truth which shall set them free, — dare we expect any cloak for our sin, if we prove cowardly or disloyal?

Excuse there might possibly be for those not taught the Gospel of Christian Healing; but for us there is none. No sin is so enormous as the neglect or perversion of this talent. Then let us take firmer hold, neither grieving nor wavering, as self is disintegrated and destroyed; and let us not look back.

What is it to look back, but to whine over the demands of Truth and Love? It is to attempt to climb up by some other way. It is to refuse to drive the plough in deeper, simply because it costs us a sacrifice. It is to long for the fleshpots of Egypt, to hunger for the bread which never satisfies, and drink of the water which only brings fiercer thirst.

The way in Christian Science cannot be altered or improved. Then let us fix our gaze on the high goal beyond us, and hold it there, knowing that the eye must be single which would behold the Father. Let

us remember that we have started on a crusade against "whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie," and the counsel from our Teacher is always : " Plough through the sin ; go not around it."

Looking ever toward that celestial city where Life is king, where Truth is light, and where Love makes eternal summer, — this will help us to more rigidly examine these treacherous hearts of ours, that no unclean thing shall therein find a lodgment.

Our words may be altered or plundered ; our robes, which have cost us such a struggle to wash white in purity and humility, may be parted and stolen from us ; but the fruits of the Spirit are beyond the touch or ken of error. We must be mentally worthy to fill the high place we claim, and we can fill it in but one way ; through peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, love. These are our heavenly treasures of healing, earned and sanctified through hours of unremitting toil, self-abnegation, chastening. They are ours to eternity, our passport into the heavenly city. " Against such there is no law."

Have we not all, amid life's petty strifes,
Some pure ideal of a noble Life
That once seemed possible? Did we not hear
The flutter of its wings, and felt it near, —
And just within our reach? It was ; and yet
We lost it in this daily jar and fret,
And now live idle, in a vain regret.

But still our place is kept, and it will wait,
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
No star is ever lost we once have seen ;
We always may be what we might have been.
Since Good, though only thought, has Life and breath, —
God's Life can always be redeemed from death ;
While evil in its nature is decay,
And any hour can blot it all away.
The hopes, that lost in some far distance seem,
Are still the real Life, and this the dream.

A Report of Lecture.

Originally printed in Worcester Spy and republished in Christian Science Journal in issue of June, 1886.

IN the Worcester Spy we read the following notice:—

Mrs. J. C. Woodbury spoke to a sympathetic audience in the Art Students' Club rooms last evening on Christian Science. Her notion of the system differs from that commonly entertained. Good, she thinks, is real and permanent; evil, transitory and out of joint, and the cause of all suffering and sickness. Healing is to be secured by removing the cause. Christian healing consists in removing sin and the disposition to do wrong. She thinks that mesmerism may cure disease subjectively, by affecting the mind and the belief of the patient; but if the cause be not removed,—the disposition to evil,—then the cure is only transient, and not in itself even a good, since the natural and right consequence of sin is suffering, and this should follow.

Christian healing differs from mesmerism in that it deals with the mind by driving out the sin, and with it the disease. In the course of the lecture, animated discussion arose from questions put by the audience.

The Key to the Scriptures.

Originally published in *Christian Science Journal* in issue of July, 1886.

WERE a woman to visit a foreign country, whose inhabitants not only spoke a language, but had habits of thought and ways of living, dissimilar in every respect from her own, and she possessed, and desired to bring to the consideration of that nation, a great gift, of whose value, and its need of it, she alone was conscious, how could she explain it or bestow it, if, while she spoke, no word of her language was comprehended?

She must, of necessity, employ an interpreter in order to be understood.

In this position, of a voyager into a far country, was the Discoverer of Christian Science in the nineteenth century. She possessed a rare and most precious gift and longed to confer it upon the weary inhabitants of that land whose language and beliefs were material, while her country and ideas were spiritual.

What was her gift? Christian Science. What is the interpretation? Her book, *Science and Health*.

What is Christian Science? The understanding of an everywhere-present and everywhere-powerful

Principle of Good, which, from its very existence, precludes all superstition, and all supposition that there is anything else that can be present or powerful.

What is the purpose of Science and Health? To explain the whole of this Principle, to reduce Divine Love to human perception, to interpret God on a purely practical and scientific basis,—that each and all may at once begin to understand Good.

This volume is both the exponent of and Key to the Bible, and will live when all books, except the Bible and itself, have been forgotten. “Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures,” said the Master. We of this period of thought, need no longer err in this direction, since the Bible becomes like a lamp to our feet, shedding its beauty of hope and promise upon us, when read by the understanding gained from the inspired pages of Science and Health. Well may we who love this book,—and who does not, who has ever known it?—rejoice to see the mighty upheaval of error it has caused. What a history has it had! Where are those who said it would never be read? It is still centuries ahead of the world in its teachings.

When its author planted her feet on the rock of Truth twenty years ago,—declaring, “All is Mind, there is no matter; all is Life, there is no death; all

is Good, there is no evil ; all is Love, there is no hate," — who listened, — who saw, — who read, — who cared ? Sojourners in a misty land of dreams, the slumberers slept on, drugged into apathy by oriental ghosts and fables. Did she change her proclamation or cease to preach it from the house-tops ? No ! the dreamers restlessly stirred on their couches, dreamed other dreams ; but Truth is unchangeable. Just as she uttered it at first, it stands to-day.

At last the sleepers are waking. One by one they struggle out from their stupor. Some waken but to drowse again ; while a few, a very few, are willing to wrestle and stay awake until the forms of falsehood disappear. They are listening, with awestruck looks, to the Daniel-voice, still interpreting the handwriting on the wall of the temples of matter.

Will the feasters and dwellers in material beliefs cease from their revels and dreams ? No, — not till the thunderbolt of Truth shatters the whole fabric at their feet. Are they to waken from a dream of Life as matter, only to plunge into a worse nightmare of mortal mind, lapsing into another dream of minds many, bodies many, gods many, powers many ? Again the Daniel-voice, speaking through Christian Science, says : " There is no matter ; and, still more, there is no power in a lie, no sting in malice to

wound Love, no death in hate, to reach Life." In vain the lions of sin and revenge, lust and hypocrisy roar, knowing they have but a short time. They do not drown the prophet's voice, which rises ever higher and in sweeter cadence, as it sings the eternal hymn of Revelation : —

Now is come salvation and strength,
And the kingdom of our God, and the power of His Christ ;
For the accuser of our brethren is cast down.

Who can open the seals of error without this Key to the Bible? What Christian sect has done it, and obtained dominion over the earth? No longer do we read by the feeble glimmer of a blind faith and wavering trust in an unknown God, who can but will not heal our diseases and our sins. We know now in whom we believe; and revelation, not faith, has furnished us a Key to hitherto sealed treasures. When interpreting the Scriptures by the light of this understanding, the blessed pages glow with Love and Wisdom. Through this volume we are winning the atheist from his darkness of doubt, to the warmth of conviction; the materialist from his cold barren desert, to the simple logic of the Golden Rule; the so-called Christian from his sparse table, to the eating of the bread of Life; the longing devotee and prayerful heart from their alternate hope and despair,

to the solid firmament of understanding ; the hypocrite from his masquerading in the clothing of the sheep, to the love of the Lamb's purity and innocence ; the emotional church-professor from his robes, ritual, and ceremonies, into the silent sanctuary of Spirit unseen by mortal sense ; the saint from her delusion that pain and sorrow are God-made and God-sent, into the transport of health as God's gift eternal ; the sinner from the mockery of a belief that he enjoys sin, into a life spent for the uplifting of burdens from others.

This, and this alone, is the healing of Christian Science.

Into this realm of work no counterfeiters can enter. This is the abode of the righteous. He who has learned how to read his Bible, and demonstrate it in the line of this Truth, he, and he alone, will abide in an ark of safety in the coming maelstrom of error.

The Bible, and its Key ! Never apart, never one without the other ! Side by side shall they remain, the sole survivors of the havoc and destruction of time. One is used correctly no more than the other. He whose words and works make the Gospel radiant, is as little comprehended and followed as she who interprets his demands and precepts to-day. "A woman clothed with the sun" (the understanding of Good) and with the "moon

under her feet" (matter and mortality denied and overcome) is indeed a voyager into a far country; but the Key to happiness is in her hands, and she is waiting till the slumbering world awakes to seek it before she can present it.

Oh faithful one! We can come into a true conception of thee, sharing thy love and power, only when we pattern our ways after thine, heeding thy precious words of warning and wisdom so freely given. Thou callest us from our worship of idols, to close communion with the true and perfect Father, and biddest us sup with thee at the table spread with gifts of daily food; but we are loath to listen until sharp struggles turn us, worn and weary, from the vanity of our ways. We test the purity and endurance of thy love and pity, by ingratitude and disdain. We are cold and indifferent to thy pleadings, often turning a deaf ear to thy watchful, tender prayers; yet dost thou ever wait and watch and pray, yearning over us, thy children, with that exquisite mother-love which knows no change or abatement, repaying injustice and falsehood with blessing and healing.

Oh patient Mother! we see thee dearer as we grow older in Truth. We learn that this book, which thou hast bequeathed to us, is the outgrowth and epitome of thy life. We are willing now to follow as thou leadest, looking away from the personal sense of

thee, to the impersonal Principle expounded through thee, as thou revealest to us the Mother-heart of God!

We take this blessed Key, which thou dost place in the hands of the faithful, to open the heavenly portals, and share in part that vision which is always thine,—the ever-present Love, the ever-powerful Good, and the universal brotherhood of man.

Evans' Esoteric Christianity.

Originally published in *Christian Science Journal* in issue of August, 1886.

HAS the Sphinx spoken at last? From lips of stone, has she finally proclaimed the solution of the old riddle, "What are Deity, Man, and the Universe?"

It might so seem, did we credit the authenticity of a new book, called *Esoteric Christianity*, which W. J. Evans has recently published. If this book were correct in its affirmations, hungry seekers after truth might uncover their heads and bow; weary pilgrims to sacred shrines need press forward no longer toward the Mecca of their hopes; patient toilers on the great sea of thought might relinquish their zealous pursuit of goodness; for, lo, the Delphic Oracle declares Christianity to be Esoteric! Not for you and me, — not for the world at large, is the riddle of life to be solved, but for the few, the adepts, is there an open sesame to the secret chambers of a still more secret, or Esoteric, Christianity.

The last decade has witnessed the rise and fall of many theories, both unpalatable and improbable; but perhaps none have equalled, in presumption and absurdity, this mad attempt to force Christianity

(the hope of the whole human race) into the farcical grooves of Occultism, and to set before the public gaze a pantomime, whose characters are dead priests, magicians, and old-time philosophers, whose special hypotheses perished in the same centuries with themselves. It should be understood that this method of interpreting Christianity is as old as the Gnosticism which prevailed in the early Christian centuries; and that Dr. Evans' explanation is but a fresh attempt to put new wine into old bottles. What of starting a procession with Jesus of Nazareth at the head, and the author of Esoteric Christianity supporting the rear, reducing God's omnipotent plan to man's comprehension through legerdemain!

To suit the author's purpose, and create faith in an enigmatical Deity, myths of antiquity, — legends, — fables, — superstitions, — long-exploded tricks are exhumed, musty and rank, or empty as air. These are clad with Eastern prestige, linked to modern scepticism, credulity, ignorance, and relish for humbug.

Respectable and honest thinkers, who have passed away lamenting their failures to reach any satisfactorily tenable ground for the demonstration of Truth, and who can hold a place in history for nothing but honest endeavor, are dragged into the

pages of this book as participants in the specious pantomime. It would have aided the reader, had the author given evidence that he possessed that rare gift in a writer, of understanding his subject, — a gift which must precede the ability to properly present that subject to his readers.

THE PREFACE.

In one sentence we read that the volume gives a "plain presentation of the principles which underlie mental healing"; and in another, that it gives "every principle which it may be proper openly to promulgate to the world at large, in the present state of the mind of man." This looks like a twin sister of Theosophy!

One would naturally infer that Christ had retired to some cloudy Olympus, with Homer's gods, and left us forever in the dark; but look a little further, and a contradiction ensues, in which we are told that the mystery is to be cleared away as we peruse the book, and that its design is to help the sick to heal themselves.

This would be hopeful for the sick, if the author did not state, later on, that his system demands of its practitioners "a sound physical, moral, and mental condition, like that of the ancient priest"!

This upsets the invalid's hope; since, to practise

the teaching, and heal one's self, one must be first perfect in every way!

CHAPTER ONE.

Herein is an attempt to show the way to Truth, and the means by which Jesus imparted spiritual understanding. Dr. Evans claims that the Master's doctrine is identical with his own, while both are synonymous with Hindoo occultism.

The erring human mind is the entire skeleton wherewith to heal, in Esoteric Christianity. This mind is laid on the dissecting table, analyzed, and its component parts comically dissected. First, we are told, the nature of this mind is dual, and divided into active and passive departments. Whatever conception the Doctor has of the active side, or its use, we do not ascertain, for the passive absorbs his undivided attention.

He claims that this passive side is a mental condition in the scholar much to be desired, for the mind takes on a waxlike condition, upon whose plastic surface the teacher can stamp his own impressions, thoughts, and feelings.

One has but to become a mindless recipient, sit in the august presence of some guru, silently desiring only to return to "chaos and old night," or to become an unaching void! Then the scholar becomes

possessed of spiritual Truth. So far as we can learn, this is the *modus operandi* of Esoteric Christianity. Let the parable of the Ten Virgins be robbed of its moral; for henceforth Truth is not to be gained by seeking, but by psychological impressions!

A startling announcement is that each individual is a spirit, — not God, but a god, — and that matter is a divine substance. Still another is that in order to gain spiritual Truth, we must flee from the city, with its tainted atmosphere, and seek the deep stillness of the primeval forests or the solitudes of lofty mountains. Those who are too poor, or too sick to avail themselves of this advice are without hope through Esoteric Christianity.

CHAPTER TWO.

We take our first lesson now, on a faculty of this dual human mind called Trust.

The author insists that this state of mind must be passive, inactive, or the work cannot be accomplished.

We learn from the Bible that the antidote of fear is Love, but Dr. Evans says it is Trust, and to have faith, or trust, in Jesus as a personal man, is to be healed; though the apostle James declared, "Faith, without works, is dead."

The reader is next astounded by the definitions of

matter which swarm the Doctor's mind. Matter is intelligence ; its reality and inmost essence is divine, — the second emanative principle of God. When matter has dominion over Spirit it is evil. It then usurps the place of God, and is idolatry. Again, the author says that matter in itself is an invisible, divine, and immortal substance, which can fall from grace. It is the correlative of both good and evil.

“When Spirit and matter become one substance, the Kingdom of God has come in us.” This pantheistic nonsense is a new version of Adam's Fall : namely, first the fall of God, Spirit ; second, the fall of matter ; third, the redemption of matter. From such a medley, what is matter to Dr. Evans ? What is Spirit, when it manifests itself as matter, and matter gets the better of Spirit ?

Matter, he says, although it is divine, gets away from God, and holds the rule over Him for a period ; and somebody gets bewildered and astounded at the creation of something greater than Deity.

We gather a little courage, later on, because assured that God is more than a match for those manifestations from the material side, called sin and disease.

It is no great relief, however, to be told that man is powerless to help himself or others, when the apostle has said, “Work out your own salvation.”

If the Doctor honestly thinks man is a god, endowed with omnipotence, we ask, Who robbed man of his power?

CHAPTER THREE.

Spirit and matter here change places so constantly (one moment synonymous terms, and at the next, deadly enemies) that, although this chapter treats of sin and disease, it is not easy to tell which of the two, matter or Spirit, the author thinks is sick. In a blind way, there is an effort made to show the connection between body and the human mind, but matter and mind here are held to be two distinct identities.

Afterwards it is stated that the human mind is the culprit; when cured, this same mind becomes a creator,—the creation being neither evil nor proven good.

His spiritual man possesses two bodies, the material body being as yet subject to decay and death; although a little way back we read that matter was immortal. Another body, which is unchanging, is said to be inside the material body, and always laboring to get out.

Here Spirit and matter sustain to each other peculiar relations, one being active, the other, passive. When back to back, to use an old Kabalistic

figure, they signify war with each other ; face to face, they indicate harmony. Here we may trace the origin of the back-to-back healing of material mind-cure. The curer is supposed to be getting the spiritual body outside the material one.

As we proceed in the book, the assertions become more atrocious.

CHAPTER FOUR.

The writer puts man in God's place, and calls him the great I AM, the unchanging One. To those who have seen the results of the alleged healing of "Mind-cure on a Material Basis," these teachings are obnoxious. They inflame the human sense of will-power into a passion to control others; they delude and beckon into sin and disease; mental derangement of some sort follows inevitably.

I remember a poor sufferer, a student of Dr. Evans' Divine Law of Cure, who had become insane by the fruitless attempts she had been making for a year, to extricate her inside body from her outside one. She had been led to believe that the inner body filled the outer, to the ends of her toes and fingers; and the man who had misled her, and treated her for a year, assured her, if she could only break the mortal shell, or outside coil, and come forth from it, she could be a great I AM, an omni-

present god! Suffice it to say, she fell out with the error, and into the hands of a Good Samaritan,—a Christian Scientist, who set her right, restored the wandering thought, relieved the wearied sense, securing peace and health for the sufferer.

CHAPTER FIVE.

Here the author seems beset with one of his own hypnotic spells. Everything gets misty and vague. A more hopeless mixture of words and phrases can scarcely be imagined. Spirit is here labelled "Divine substance"; while matter makes an exit as "Delusion and falsity."

He would have us understand that all that is not good is unreal, although "the fall of man into sin 'is one of the great facts of history.'"

Somewhat staggered, we read on. Do not suppose the Doctor is going to abide by this contradiction of statements. Oh, no! there is only a seeming paradox; for he immediately tells us that sin, pain, and disease are good! He says a boil is caused by no physical or mental discord, and in itself is a good thing.

Disease is the effect of the divine life-principle in us. Nausea is the Archæus, to rid the stomach of something antagonistic to the Divine Principle. A fever is a device of matter, and is not a disease, but

a remedy. With rapidity the Doctor reaches the conclusion that a fever is pleasant!

At this point, matter is represented as exempt from disease and decay, appearing for a moment upon the stage as the Bride of Spirit, but departing as an illusion of the senses. "Dirt and filth," says the author, "in divine chemistry, are as pure as the precious stones of the wall of the New Jerusalem."

We are also told, in the same chapter, that Jesus, the Master, never rebuked or condemned sin. Whom did he bid, "Get thee behind me, Satan"? Whom did he call a "generation of vipers"? To whom did he say, "Ye are of your father the Devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do"?

CHAPTER SIX.

Anon we are introduced to a new trinity, namely, Buddha, Plato, and Jesus, each expounding the methods of the other, which methods mean, becoming a vacuum on the part of the scholar, and a mesmerist on the part of the teacher.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

This is a treatise on another faculty of the human mind, called Memory, with Paradise restored to man through Recollection. The Mystics of the Middle Ages, according to Dr. Evans, were Christian

Platonists, and laid great stress upon this mental introversion, or the secret of "looking back."

We read in the first chapter, how we were to acquire knowledge by absorption, through perfect passivity. Here is an entirely different method recommended, and the author insists, with great unction, that man must recover his lost inheritance by an act of memory. We are likened to planets in perihelion, and are returning to our native realm of Pure Spirit. What has now become of matter, if Recollection is the only avenue by which man may enter heaven? Is man but a marvellous potpourri? There is much talk about a universal Life-principle, called God; but this Principle is capable of modification by the will, faith, or imagination of man; yet it is identical with the Holy Ghost (says Dr. Evans), whose office is, "to give material form to subjective ideas."

CHAPTER EIGHT.

In ability to endure or deny pain by will-power, the Spartans, as a race, stand preëminent in history. To "die game" is no new aphorism. The human will may be trained in this sad direction, and persons may learn to bear pain unflinchingly, — even going so far as to deny that they suffer, when the whole body tells the tale of human agony.

CHAPTER NINE.

This is a receipt for stopping pain. Make yourself feel that it is good ; remove from your thought all repugnance to it. Only think pain a good, and it will cease to be a pain, and, alas ! it will no longer be good.

CHAPTER TEN.

The influence of mind over the body is well understood by the Christian Scientist, but the insistence that there is more than one Mind, one God, one Creator, is absolutely erroneous.

The Doctor holds to the statement that "All is Mind"; but he renders it thus, "All is human will-power, and there are many minds, gods, and creators." Grant this, and what follows? One human will, mind, or person, — call it what you like, — has power over another. Dr. Evans positively asserts that it is in the power of one mortal to obtain absolute control over another, including issues of health or sickness, virtue or crime, life or death, and that distance is no obstacle to this action.

This is the system (?) self-confessed, which Dr. Evans has styled Esoteric Christianity.

CHAPTERS ELEVEN AND TWELVE.

The closing chapters of Esoteric Christianity are repetitions of the other ten, and need no special com-

ment. The author advises partial laying on of hands, as well as the great necessity of consulting with matter.

If good-will to man is the motive of Dr. Evans' book, why does he withhold from the world the manner in which he protects himself from the mental suggestions of others? He virtually owns that if the head of an institution, a Faith-curer, be a magnetizer, he can quietly and secretly address persons through thought suggestion, thus inducing them to furnish money for his particular institution. These mental suggestions can reach persons near or remote and affect them to frenzy until the transferred thoughts are put into action. Later the victim is made happy by a letter from the Doctor acknowledging the money as a special dispensation of God in answer to prayer.

Science and Health, by Mary Baker G. Eddy, with its wonderful chapter on Animal Magnetism, would have instructed men of letters years ago, and saved them much expense and trouble, had they read and profited by it. Not because its author proclaimed that "All is Mind," has she been pursued by opposition; but because of her far more important work, — the full explanation of the workings of this modern use of diabolical power, called variously mental suggestion, thought transference, hypnotism, mesmerism, and malicious animal magnetism.

Faith-healing and Kindred Phenomena.

Originally published in *Christian Science Journal* in issue of September, 1886.

IN the June number of the *Century*, appeared an article under the above title, from the pen of Dr. J. M. Buckley, which should be welcomed by every Christian Scientist. Not that it alluded to Christian Science, for the author makes no mention of its teachings, and must be in ignorance of them, yet he describes definitely the theory of a large majority of charlatans calling themselves mental-healers.

He gives to the public the results of more than thirty years' investigation of the various magnetic methods, both ancient and modern, for the relief of pain and disease. He seems to have been most faithful in his scrutiny of these methods. He publishes a letter from a gentleman, who was an eyewitness of some of the experiments and tests which Dr. Buckley made as exhibitions of his own power in this line.

At a séance, the Doctor succeeded in making a young woman violently ill, and was unable afterwards to overcome her fear and dislike of him. He deluded another young lady into believing herself in the absolute presence of a recently departed and beloved friend, with whom she conversed. The shock on

awakening from the hypnotic sleep filled her with horror. He gives case after case, to show how the same magnetizer could make whomsoever he chose sick or well, good or bad, at the beck of his own will. He proves in a most conclusive manner, giving testimony from sources whose reliability is not to be questioned, that if a subject can be sufficiently deluded, he may be relieved of every kind of disease, and even saved from death itself; nor does it appear to be of much account what the delusion has for a foundation.

If the invalid can only fix his faith in or upon something which he believes will heal him, the cure can be wrought, says Dr. Buckley. This something may be similar to the famous thermometer of Sir Humphry Davy, a lock of hair said to be cut from the head of the Virgin Mary, a simple drug, lotion, a mock or earnest prayer.

The faithful followers of Christian Science, so few in number, yet so fervent in their zeal to uplift humanity, may not have looked for an ally from this quarter; but Dr. Buckley is an ally, though an unconscious one. His comprehensive and clear statistics are most interesting, since, after so long a search amongst supposed miraculous, supernatural, and occult causes and effects, he declares these alleged occurrences, for the most part, to be atrocious frauds,

and avers that all that is done in this direction is accomplished simply by a change effected in the patient's imagination or belief.

Whatever the mental method of these cures be named, (and the name is legion) Dr. Buckley finds the one thing needful on the part of the operator to be "concentrated attention," and on the side of the subject, "confident expectancy"; and he furthermore states, that the almost inevitable issue through contagion in this atmosphere is mental derangement.

Identity.

Originally published in Christian Science Journal in issue of October, 1886.

IN what does a man's identity consist?

Whence comes it?

Has it birth and death?

Has it a double significance?

Has it aught in common with moral responsibility?

Grave questions these; questions so serious in their import, that the changes will be rung upon them until, from her throne of authority, the irrefutable decision of Divine Science is universally heard, understood, accepted, and incorporated into man's existence. By the aid of this Science only, can a pathway be found through the labyrinth before this age.

"The proper study of mankind is man;" yet to study him aright we must violate the poet's injunction, and not only presume to scan God, but really acquaint ourselves with Him.

Christian Science teaches how this may be done, and under its holy instruction man attains a true conception of his identity and individuality; from study, he develops a deep consciousness that Infinite Intelligence reflects through and upon him the

power to "divide the waters from the waters"; to separate the real identity in God from the delusion of a possible one in evil. He learns that man, — the perfect idea of Divine Mind, is not a mere complexity of sensible forms, but is a vital, spiritual reality.

He learns to follow the divine command "Call no man your father," which means, — author. He rejoices rather that he consciously hears God's command to reckon his origin and being alone from Him. Just in the exact ratio that man gains the fact of his identity in, and inseparability from, God, (Good) the opposite claims of earthly parentage, material birth, growth, and death fade as the mirage before the light of the full-orbed sun.

As a mortal comprehends God to be the One Mind, Cause, and Controller of all things, he learns to live in unison and harmony with this One Mind, and to reflect its ideas. He sees that he is governed by it, and by it alone. No longer has he two lives to live, the true and the false, the good and the evil, the spiritual and the material, — each clashing with the other. No longer do the false influences of material environment, fleshly ties, or human possessions, set at naught the command of God which bids him be about the Father's business.

Gathering an ever-growing sense of his spiritual

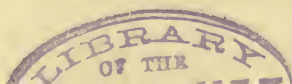
origin, he catches a new meaning in the Master's words "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

No theologian, preaching the accepted creeds of modern Christianity, can grasp the intent of these seemingly awful conditions of discipleship. To the student of Divine Science, how radiant are they with love and justice, mercy and peace. We long to follow in Our Saviour's footsteps, and learn to be forever present with God.

But we know we cannot serve two masters at once, discharging two opposite sets of duties, or pursuing two kinds of pleasures. We must hate the one and cleave to the other.

If man has a material birth and kindred ties, duties, and positions based on material foundations, some of God's children are of necessity nearer and dearer to him than others. Jesus' life and labors were not for the few, but for all. Realizing birth or origin as alone from Spirit, gives rise to the lofty conception of a universal brotherhood and sisterhood, — a common Father and Mother God, mutual interests with a universe which mirrors Love.

As man learns in Divine Science how to resign all claims as a creator of, or a thing created from, matter,



he feels his mental supremacy asserting itself in victory over all the minor falsehoods based on the supposition, that Life, Substance, or Intelligence belong to matter.

As he grasps the great fact of One Mind only, and that one, the Good, the opposite unreality of minds many becomes equally apparent. If parents would save children from the evils of sin and sickness, let them learn, like Abraham of old, to tear from the thought all that would divide Life from God; let them go through the furnace of procreative purification and then their Isaacs will not be lost, but will come closer than ever to them through consecration.

If it is true that man starts from a human parent, he must be handicapped from the outset, in the race of life.

What a weight of error is transmitted to each of us in inherited traits of character, family idiosyncrasies, taints of disease or weakness, which, unless destroyed, make life a burden, and warp development.

How common the saying, "That man is his father over again in looks, disposition, health, and ability!" Does this mean a duplicated identity? All Truth is God. If heredity be true, its Truth is God; and this once granted, we have no standard sense of right, no code of honor, no moral responsibility, no

free agency, no identity, but are shuttlecocks at the mercy of a long line of diseased or impotent ancestors, and must perforce, as years pass on, work out the taints of blood and foolish and sinful characteristics of our families. Again, if heredity is a necessity, so also are animal magnetism and spiritualism ; for if man is subject to contamination or psychological impressions before his birth, as a mortal, or is hindered and hampered by the ignorance or follies of his ancestors dead or living, equally true it is, that he has no power to keep his life, liberty, or happiness out of the clutches of those about him.

This brings us back to our starting point, — that in order to preserve his identity and health; man must find out by what he is, and by what he need not be controlled. He must cease attributing to lifeless non-intelligent matter, the blame which lies in his own ignorance, and then learn the next lesson, which teaches him what it is that transmits diseases, proclivities, and deformities from generation to generation.

He will discover the belief in human minds many, to be the primal culprit, and the final, most atrocious claim put forth by this same belief is, that one person's identity — personality, yea, consciousness of existence, can be entirely, as well as in part, in the hands of another.

In our courts of justice, is the sentence passed on the act, or the motive? Do judges and jurors take into consideration the awful pressure of a life biased and cramped with inherited sins? Nay; they hold the prisoner responsible for his deeds of wickedness, and thus render verdicts from an exactly opposite standpoint to that taken by the medical faculty in the diagnosis of disease.

Here, certainly, is a discrepancy. The great fact is this: if human beings are responsible for their inherited sin, they are none the less responsible for inherited disease, though the world does not yet admit or perceive this. Either identity, individuality, and character are inviolable, unchangeable, non-transferable, because from God, or one is the slave of his ancestors' passions, delusions, or crimes, and the toy of his fellow-men's speculations and ventures.

If evil dispositions and tendencies are hereditary, equally so are right dispositions and tendencies. This ought never to be forgotten; yet men are prone to brag of their virtues as emanating chiefly from themselves, while with equal avidity they refer to ancestral misdeeds as palliation for their wrongdoings, endorsed by public sentiment.

Are we such drifting nonentities, mere flotsam and jetsam on the vast waves of human blindness and crass superstition?

Worcester Lecture.

October, 1886.

THE talks given by Mrs. Woodbury on the new religious movement as applied to bodily healing are drawing many interested listeners to the Art Students' Club Room, where the willingness and ability of the speaker to reply to thoughtful queries from the audience have brought out many instructive points of similarity between Christian Science and the faith of the apostles.

Mrs. Eddy, says the lecturer, adopts as her view of the Author of Christianity, the great fact that Jesus not only conquered death but revealed life eternal.

Some practitioners of Jesus' teachings, even in the early days, grew false and forswore them. There were those in Worcester and elsewhere who had relinquished the work in Christian Science and withdrawn from the field, either because of lukewarm purpose, or that compliance with healing rules, involved too much self-poise, self-restraint, and self-immolation.

The public need not, however, infer from this that the movement itself is dying out. On the contrary,

the interest is rapidly on the increase, declared Mrs. Woodbury, and its adherents were manifesting great zeal as a body of united workers. The purpose of her public talks, said the speaker, was to reëncourage the doubting, reinspire the faint-hearted, and reëstablish the deserters in a determination to stand firm and fight for justice and truth.

The lecturer takes to heart, and urges people of this day to believe the promises made to the early disciples concerning the healing power. Her spirit is vigorous and reverent; and those in sympathy with these ideas seem to feel a bond of union such as the early Christians had.

Concerning Address by Mrs. Eddy.

Originally published in *Christian Science Journal* in issue of December, 1886, over fictitious initials L. E. L.

MY DEAR JOURNAL: I was an interested listener to the sermon at the Church of Christ (Scientist) on Sunday afternoon, November 7.

I followed closely the earnest words of your associate pastor, as he gave his conceptions of the higher life, and the joy to be gained through Christian Science.

I joined with him in the hope that this society might soon command a building of its own, a Hall of Christian Science; and that it might be an edifice in constant use; that is, open to all, and at all times, rather than like other magnificent structures in use but a few hours in each week.

Rev. Mrs. Eddy followed in a brief address. To the Pastor's words there was given that noticeable attention which characterizes the audience whenever and wherever Mrs. Eddy speaks.

I found myself wishing that afternoon that all the world had been listening, as she gave the spiritual meaning of the word Home, which I understood as follows:—

The home of the Christian Scientist is in the understanding of God. His affections and interests are there, his abiding place is there, and the entrance thereto can be found only by following Jesus' words and works.

Human reason cannot teach men this true following. Spiritual perception and inspiration alone avail. Christian Scientists, said the Pastor, must build three tabernacles, and the building of them must be in the divine order. Christian Science teaches the great unreality of sin, and students of this Science must meet and master the claims of sin in all its forms.

First, there is the tabernacle reared to the living God, by self-consecration to the life of Christ, — this includes the victory over sickness, sin, and death. This tabernacle is the gospel of Jesus, and no structure can be securely reared whose foundation is not laid thereon. To him who builds the first, the next one is not hard.

The second tabernacle is made for Moses, by the fulfilling of the law, according to the Hebrew ritual, wherein it was not sufficient that a man observe the law visibly. The Penal code restrains mortals to a great extent, through fear of punishment, but the law of God is Love, constraining man.

In the heart's sanctuary, hidden from mortal sight,

there must be moral courage, honesty, purity, and rigid, unswerving adherence to right. This home of Soul and tabernacle of Justice brought to light much spiritual power, so that healing appeared through Moses.

A union of Love and Justice, the gospel and law, is the certain home of the disciple, wherein he abides in the understanding and partakes of the power of God. Love, said Mrs. Eddy, when understood, detaches our affections from the human standpoint, and attaches them to the divine. It wings our efforts, inspires our struggles, heals our hearts, bruised in warfare with error, and enables us to lay ourselves willing offerings on the altar.

The third tabernacle is Elias. Whosoever has dwelt in the second, may enter this, where prophetic vision is the reward of faithfulness, unselfishness, love. There thought triumphs over the din of error, and reads in "the signs of the times," with assured hope, the final "restoration of all things."

This Horeb-height is the unity of the law from Sinai, the death on Calvary, and the Revelation. It is the tabernacle of the Most High, the Mount of Transfiguration. Thus spoke the Pastor and Teacher. This was the table which she spread for the hungry. These were the words of comfort and good cheer,

which shall touch, with living warmth, the workers in God's vineyard, wherever they may be.

With what wonderful fitness do they fall from the lips of her who has builded these three tabernacles. She who hits the hidden sin, yet who wrongs no man, who will commit no sin herself knowingly, nor conceal iniquity, fearless of all consequences in uttering Truth,—is she not the watchman to this age, who, standing on the mountain top of prophecy, sees the signs of these times, and shows the traveller his way?

Santa Claus in the New Tongue.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Originally published in *Christian Science Journal* in issue of December, 1886, over fictitious initials L. E. L.

OH, Ben, 't is only the first of December, and I 've had a letter from Santa Claus already," said Amy Graham to her brother as they walked across the fields on their way from school.

"Nonsense," said matter-of-fact Ben. "You're always getting notions into your head, Amy. You can tell such silly things to girls, who read fairy stories and such stuff ; but you don't suppose a boy is going to believe them, do you ? In the first place, there is n't any real Santa Claus to write you a letter ; and if there were such a person, how would he know you from anybody else ?"

Ben was really excited, and somewhat out of patience also with his sister for thinking such foolish thoughts. But nothing daunted, Amy answered all his questions and arguments together, by saying, "Well, when I 'show it to you, you will believe it. I have n't seen it myself yet ; but I know I shall find it just where Santa Claus said he had left it."

"And I should like to know," retorted Ben, with something of a sneer, "when and where you talked

with Santa Claus?" He was becoming impressed, in spite of himself, with Amy's tones and manner of delighted assurance.

"I had a dream last night," she went on to tell him, "and in it I had a visit from Santa Claus, in which he said he had written me a letter; he told me just where it was, and gave me something to read it with; and if I find the jewel which tells me how to read it, hanging on the very tree he pointed out, I shall be so happy! Oh! do hurry, Ben," she added, "before the letter melts."

"Melts!" exclaimed Ben. "Amy, this is more foolish than ever; how can a letter melt? What is it made of?"

But never a word answered Amy. On she sped, Ben keeping an unwilling pace by her side, until she reached a tiny pool, used in summer for the base of a fountain, but which lay now in the clear, cold sunlight, one shining sheet of ice. Close by its brink stood a rose tree, and there on one of the topmost branches hung suspended in an icicle what seemed a most radiant gem. Amy took it from its frozen resting place, and as she held it in her hand her glad tears fell upon it. As they fell, they moistened it, and it glowed as with colors of living light. She held it up to Ben's astonished gaze, telling him that it was a tear which had dropped from the eye of a

penitent sinner, saddened for the first time by the picture of a wasted life. It had frozen as it fell, and a spell lay upon it, because the man had died without hope. It must remain frozen until warmed by the loving tears of some fellow-creature. Then it would undergo a change, and become a beautiful lens, through which the tender, pitying gaze might look beyond the sight of mortals into the real world of Love.

As she repeated these words, heard in her dream, her brother's face settled into an angry frown of displeasure and unbelief. But Amy heeded not. Down on her knees she knelt, by the side of the pool, fitted the wonderful jewel to her eyes, and exclaimed with rapture: "'Tis true, 'tis true! Oh, what beautiful colors! Oh, what lovely letters!" But the brother saw only graceful arabesques of hoar frost, and a deluded child. "Hush!" cried Amy as he was about to speak. "See! the warmth is melting the ice already. Listen quick, or it will all be gone!" And this was the letter traced in radiant colors in the sparkling drops, as they seemed to dance with glee at the freedom from the cold coverlet that was slowly disappearing.

My Dear Child, — I am not that Santa Claus whom you have known and loved so well. I am not he who can come but once a year to gladden the hearts and homes of men, but who is

doomed to a lonely exile, all the rest of the long twelve months. Far apart, and sadly brief, are his visits, and the transient warmth they bring but makes the rest of the time seem only more cheerless. He can come but once, and that once must be when all the world lies cold and still in Winter's grasp; when brooks and streams have hushed their merry sounds; when birds are fled and blossoms dead. Shrouded in mist, is his history; of his birth, no man knoweth; of his comings and his goings, who has ever learned? He often leaves things at the wrong place; and, sadder still, when did he ever have enough for all? So often he forgot, or did not know of some poor outcast to whom, because not written in his great book, Christmas meant only looking at happiness through other children's eyes.

Many times has Santa Claus been forced to see that where he intended to bring peace, quarrels ensued instead. Those hateful evils, envy, pride, and jealousy, have often followed close upon his gifts. Gay Christmas trees and bright festivals, where were gathered merry boys and girls in eager expectancy, have been the scenes of bickerings and disappointments. Weary of his failure to make them well, happy, or good, Santa Claus is slowly disappearing.

Who is it that tells you this? Who sees the false way going out, and the true one coming in? It is I, the Christ Child, the Prince of Peace. Though as old as God, I am a babe to mortals, since to each one separately must I be born. I am as unceasing as Truth; as eternal as Life; as joyous as Love, and I am always at hand.

On fleeter steeds than reindeer are my blessings scattered abroad; for they float on the pinions of every good thought. I am come that earth's weary children, groping for bodily gifts, may have life more abundant. All their names are entered in

the book of books. There is no gap on God's roll-call; and upon each and all do I shed alike unceasing bounties. There is no place where I am not; there is no time when human hearts are so cold or dead that Love cannot enter to warm, and comfort, and beautify. The more they in turn share with others, the more can I shower upon them. Gladly will they waken from the mythical, vague, and empty dream of a Santa Claus, — whose presents gratify but for a moment, — after they have once entertained me, an angel visitant, in their hearts.

I am not born yet to any mortal who has pride, or self-love, or envy, or hate. To such as these, selfishness has barred the door against me. Only the tears of penitence and the fires of remorse can melt such frozen bolts, and open wide the gates that I may enter. This is the real Christmas, dear. It is the dawning of my reality and nearness to each of God's children. When I am first born to mortals' sight, I am the Bethlehem Babe in the manger, for whom there is no room at the inn, where sensual feasting and revelry abound. I am the simple idea of Life, Truth, and Love. Cherish it, my child, by becoming like unto it. Warm this Babe by loving the whole world; strengthen it by the courage to do right always; sustain it by clinging alone to the good, and by and by it will cover you with its protecting arms, and lift you into heaven. Thus you will be a power for good; thus you may destroy all forms of pain, all shades of sin, all fears of death.

Slowly Amy rose to her feet, and looking about her, saw that it was Summer time; birds and flowers everywhere. She turned to speak to her brother, but he had gone. Where was she? Had she only fallen asleep and dreamed; and was there no

beautiful Christ Child after all? Was she to go back to dolls and trinkets again, and never be able to do good? Oh, no, this must not be. She would wait and see. She would find some suffering one, and tell the wonderful story; and if it healed him, she would know it was not a dream.

And what shall we older children say, — long since weary with the empty ghosts of Christmas past and Christmas present? Shall we call this power a dream, or a reality? or shall we ask of that Infinite One who hides from the wise and foolish what is revealed unto babes, that our tears of penitence may make us like little children; enable us to look away from, and beyond our narrow horizons into the very city of our God; wherein is no frozen heart, no erring thought, no Winter's blast of sin; but where all is warm, blooming, holy, happy?

Analysis of Difference between Mind Cure and the True Doctrine.

Boston Daily Globe, 1886.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GLOBE:

THE recent gathering of mind curers in Parker Memorial Hall would seem to settle the fact beyond all question, that there is no sympathy or coöperation between those mental workers who do not, and those who do accept and follow Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy as Leader, Teacher, and Pastor.

The students and church members were named by her "Christian Scientists," and they retain the name still, as it represents their religious and educational system.

The hostile party have as many titles as they have factions and leaders, the most common one being "mind curers." This name was formerly used to distinguish those who had departed from the teachings of Science and Health and who had been dropped from church or association because of such departure. But now these parties also call themselves "Christian Scientists," so that the public is more mystified than ever, as to who are the trustworthy mental healers.

Rev. Dr. Bartol certainly says he finds no great satisfaction in "mind cure," and although he was supposed to open the recent assembly with *éclat* as a believer, he dampened the ardor of his audience by taking an absurd position astride the fence. Rev. O. P. Gifford, whose name was copiously circulated on printed sheets before the meeting as one of the principal speakers, did not appear. He is a student of Rev. Mrs. Eddy.

It is to be hoped that the coming session will rouse the public into a more thorough investigation of the practice of mental healers through Christian Science, as set forth in Science and Health, and its most extensive and extremely lucrative counterfeit, namely, the practice of mesmerism. The two methods are forever at war, and must be so, since one is the direct antithesis of the other. Some intimation of this warfare is already apparent, since the parties on both sides are becoming better known.

Reputation or Character — Which?

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TO be known of men is to have a reputation, a possession which may belong to animate or inanimate objects.

Personal reputation is based on the capacity to ascend above, or descend below, the ordinary range of human ability in some special line, while material objects are held in greater or less repute, according to prevailing fashions rather than for any intrinsic values.

In all cases, reputation, whether of persons or things, depends largely upon the extent to which interested parties use to advantage the whims, vagaries, or demands of certain times, circumstances, or communities.

Reputation belongs alike to pugilist or poet, athlete or statesman, coward or hero, scoundrel or martyr.

Tourists in foreign countries visit with equal ardor, tombs of tyrants and canonized saints; so true is it that evil persons are as notorious as good. Tottering castles, celebrated for nothing but the horrible crimes perpetrated within their crumbling

walls, hold as clearly defined a place in the world's history as the humble homes or birthplaces of reformers.

Lucretia Borgia's name is retained in human thought quite as prominently as St. Bernard's or St. Elizabeth's of Hungary, and the Bloody Mary's acts are as well known as Joan of Arc's. Bonaparte's life is studied in the public schools, and its wretched basis set before the scholar, as thoroughly as the grandeur of a life like Martin Luther's or Hugh Latimer's.

Reputation is more easily and speedily attained now than formerly, since, in this age of telegraphy, Puck's words have become almost a truism, and a girdle of thought, at least, will nearly compass the earth in the traditional forty minutes.

If possessed of a large share of egotism, by shrewd advertising in the daily papers, one may seek his couch at night comparatively unknown, and waken to find his name in everybody's mouth, for credulity and ignorance usually go together, and people in general are ready to be carried away by any novelty, prodigy, or mystery.

The inherent love of being humbugged was a string upon which the great showman, Barnum, played with consummate skill, thereby achieving a reputation which has become proverbial.

Tom Thumb received the gold and the patronage

of crowned heads as well as of the common people, acquiring an almost world-wide notoriety, for the simple reason that he did not develop into the ordinary structure of a man ; while the Swedish giant came into popular favor because his accidental colossal stature made average men look like pygmies.

The desire to behold what are called freaks of nature keeps alive the dime museums and similar places of amusement.

The class of people who can afford to spend money in order to be amused, nightly pack our theatres, to witness the exhibition of some man, whose grace of figure, beauty or nobility of feature, are his only recommendations ; while a woman may fill a house, and her pockets as well, if she be only reputed to possess a wonderful wardrobe, or casket of gems, beyond the reach of her sister actresses. So with inanimate objects. Styles of architecture, peculiarities of dome, column, or tower, have received names from the king or queen reigning at the date of their introduction, or from the city or country in which they first appeared. Such is reputation.

And what shall be said of character, that grandest of all possessions, — that web of glistening light, woven in one piece without flaw or seam ? What of that robe of righteousness made by no human hand,

spun in no mortal loom, whose warp and woof are the threads of justice, humility, moral courage, and love?

Unseen by human eye, conceived and brought forth only after years of sturdy wrestling with sin, is it not that which gives to its possessor the right to feel and say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith"?

Reputation is an empty bauble, easily won, easily lost; but character is a slow achievement, the work of a lifetime. It is not perfected until every sort of temptation has been met and mastered.

It is then a bulwark of strength, whose whole structure, from "turret to foundation-stone," has been carved with the chisel and hammer of patience, endurance, fortitude, and faith in the right, out of the solid granite of Truth.

Character is neither a gift nor an inheritance. It is *prayer* practised. He who keeps on the side of right for fear of the penalty for wrongdoing, or he who lives a life of negative goodness, has not caught the meaning of character. He who remains aloof from sin because he dreads contamination is the slave of sin. He has not demonstrated its nothingness, nor formed his character on Truth. Character sends its owner out into the world of sense with a positive energy to destroy the works of evil. The

world, as a whole, is far too busy laboring for the meat which perisheth, and for place and power. To achieve character one should remember that he who would be greatest, must be the servant of all.

Christian Scientists, brothers and sisters, for which are we striving? Shall we draw the world to our feet with its mint and cummin of praise and oblation? or shall we, instead, turn our faces from earth's rewards, and in meekness be content with God's gift of the white stone, in which is written that new name,—the name of him who overcometh?

Still They Come!

Originally published in Boston Transcript in issue of March 19, 1887, and republished in Christian Leader, April 21, 1887.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRANSCRIPT:

INTELLECTUAL Boston is a starveling; an Oliver Twist, ever asking for more — more nourishment, more brain food. Be the ingredients of its mental meal ever so “stale, flat, and unprofitable,” they are acceptable, if served lavishly with the modern sauces of arrogance and assumption, and a large amount of flavoring with that mysterious concoction of the mental cuisine by which an article is made to look and taste like anything but what it really is. So fickle is the craving of this stratum of society, that one is never sure that the food which satisfied yesterday or last week, will be tolerated to-day. “Presto, change!” must indeed be the motto of that bold caterer who shall attempt the charge of the hostelry where sup the cultured minds of the Hub.

The advent of Canon Farrar, a year ago, made Browning the relish of the hour. Down came all this poet's works from their places on the dusty bookshelves. Readings followed, and clubs named

in his honor sprung up in a night, the members of which, said a wag, were as innocent as himself of any knowledge of the author in question. Only recently the leaders of literary and artistic circles made it the fashion to spend their mornings and their dollars in the dingy parlors of faith healers, clairvoyants, and mind curers, investigating mental science, Theosophy, and specious claims of apostolic quacks. These diversions were proved to be but dolls stuffed with sawdust. Mind reading and palmistry did not deceive those who saw that they were the same old dishes, only served up under new names. Not even the spice of Eastern mysticism and essence of Brahminism could make this last banquet look and savor of anything but the tabooed mind cure, which had bitten the tongues and inflamed the palates of the authors and authoresses the year before. No; better idle away the desultory morning viewing the Bayeux tapestry than be deluded again into eating a mixture which could not be digested!

And what has become of Browning? Alas, Boston turned sentimental! The tears which the Rev. Sams have succeeded in starting by harangues not far removed from vulgarity, must continue to flow for a while, for this sensation delights the emotive faculty by its very novelty. Welcome, then, to Shelley

and Keats! Welcome to love scenes and romances! 'T is long since these two poets had their turn in the kaleidoscope of public favor.

The dainty furnishings and appointments of the reception rooms, where miladi serves tea and chocolate from old china, as rare as the bric-a-brac upon the mantels, are fitting surroundings for the delin-eation of love-lighted rhapsodies. What wonder if uppertendom, issuing from such entrancing apart-ments and such delicious feasting, feels a bit ener-vated, and as the pale moon arises, takes its tobog-gan and starts for Corey Hill! Contemplating the condition of polite society, no wonder the game seems hardly worth the candle. Is there really nothing new of value in this wonderful present, that we must live and flourish only on bygone rhymes and threadbare stories? Where and what is life? Has man nothing sure in this world? Ennuied Boston may well query with Mallock, "Is life worth liv-ing?" If existence is nothing but a progressive whist party, then eating and drinking and to-morrow dying; or drifting with the great tide of humanity on its restless sea, is all we need care for. But if life is a progressive school of action, and man advances in another world only as he develops in this, surely there is a work which lies before us all, higher than amusements, higher than art or poetry, higher even

than the natural sciences. It is to take and hold the laboring oar,—to gain an understanding of God, whom to know aright is life eternal.

We deride neither education nor riches, but the most erudite scholar knows that his Greek and Latin, his logarithms and his briefs, yea and his wealth, avail him nothing in curing pain, or removing sin. Something more than books can give,—something higher than philosophy and grander than legends or traditions, is needed to invigorate the overwrought, prostrated, discordant condition of this people. Shall it believe, as is claimed, that this imperative want can be met by the study of Christian Science? From its standpoint the rise and fall of the mind-cure craze was prophesied years ago, and all the minor crazes of so-called mental science since. Those who have been provoked by the claims of modern humbugs, would do well to remember that when there are so many artful counterfeiters, there must be also the truthful earnest workers.

Right and goodness are still alive in the world; honesty and energy and unselfishness of purpose are abroad in thought; the Golden Rule is not obsolete, and before many years both the false and the true mental healing will be understood. One will go out of its own nothingness, and public opinion declare for the "survival of the fittest."

Jennie Collins.

Originally published in *Christian Science Journal* in issue of August, 1887, over fictitious initials F. T.

THE aroma of good deeds outlives the personality through which they are expressed. It is well to pause a moment in the busy whirl of life, when a great heart ceases to beat, to gather a lesson for the future. In how many homes was the name of Jennie Collins a blessing! How many crooked places she straightened; how many turbulent lives she quieted! Her tender and womanly nature was never taxed in vain.

Many a wavering conscience, halting on its way to sin, has she steadied and sustained. Many a hungry waif has she fed, housed, and comforted. She was an institution of charity in herself, though without badge or title, other than the high authority of the Master whose life she emulated. Against fearful odds, alone, poor, empty-handed, she began her life's mission. Right nobly, too, has she finished her earth course. She has done her part to elevate and glorify her sex, and "her own works praise her in the gates."

Hints and Helps for Inquirers.

Originally published in *Augusta Kennebec Journal* in issue of October, 1887.

THE students of Christian Science practising in Augusta are attracting the attention of the best thinking minds in this city and vicinity, by their Christian endeavor and marked success in healing the sick and changing the intent of the sinful.

When a great cause is in its infancy, as in this case, there is, and must be, much laborious, untiring, and unselfish work amongst its pioneers. Natural opposition to the new and startling besets its progress; conservative clinging to old methods (even when proved useless) hinders its work for a time; but both these elements of public opinion are always needful to prevent people from being too easily carried away by the mass of floating isms and ologies, which emanate from weak and biassed minds.

Then, too, antagonism, persecution, and aspersion serve the ends of Wisdom, for they bring out in the adherents of a reform, the Christ qualities of patience, forbearance, charity, joy in suffering for the good of others, and courage to rebuke sin, all of which are essential in healing the sick. The workers in the vineyard of Christian Science perform their cures

on the basis of understanding, which is a step beyond Faith Cure. Invalids who have been for years earnest Christian believers, who have found their own prayers, — as well as those of friends, clergymen, and Faith healers, — unavailing to cure or even alleviate their difficulties, have been made, through Christian Science, happy, well, and active in good works.

Equally true is it, that some who once believed themselves cured by Faith, yet had relapsed into hopeless conditions, and whose cases could not again be reached by the same means, have been helped by this Science. Many sick ones, who might have sought the aid of Christian Science, have been deterred therefrom by their belief that special divine intervention, rather than eternal law, was the correcting factor. The fact is that the healing is done by the practitioner without help from the invalid.

When a patient has received physical benefit and has regained strength and courage, there is much that he can learn and accomplish for his own spiritual advancement and for others as well, but the healing of the body is the first step. Most mental methods of cure are based on a belief of evil as an entity and power, and cures are attempted by emphasizing the human will as a remedial agent. Christian Science acknowledges but One Will — the Will of God. It invites investigation as the most pro-

found system of ethics, the safest, surest hygienic method, and a more practical, beneficent system of education than any founded on material evidence or phenomena, or bearing the sanction of scholastic theology. Its religion is identical with that of the Master, and its disciples now, as did the apostles of old, heed the divine command, "Go ye into all the world, heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils."

Uses of Hypnotism.

Originally published in the Boston Transcript in issue of October 31, 1887.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRANSCRIPT:

THE Transcript of October 15, contained a letter on the above subject, from its regular Paris correspondent, in which he states that animal magnetism, mesmerism, and hypnotism are all one,—one in action, one in effect, one in origin; but he does not tell us, and neither do the eminent authorities whom he quotes, what this one root is, whence this power, force, agent, influence, or attraction comes; what are its qualities, how it is induced, how transferred; what are its limits, possibilities, supposed advantages, or probable dangers. He assures us, so marked are its activity and diffusion, that certain dignitaries across the water have roused themselves to an investigation of it, and will no longer be intimidated in their researches by the threats or warnings of “academies of Science and Medicine in Paris, which have denounced animal magnetism, not as something dangerous to morality, but as nonexistent.”

The celebrated doctors identified with this work have reached the conclusion, that a hypnotizer, in the bodily presence and with the knowledge and

consent of his subject, may produce upon that subject's body, and in his mind, any sense of pain, disease, or accident ; and that the hypnotizer, if he chooses, can suspend the action of the heart, so that death will ensue. Cases are cited, in this article mentioned, from unquestionable authority of medical men, where these results have been witnessed. The following statement, then, is certainly warranted if these things are facts, — that whatsoever a man thinks he is, has, or suffers, for that time, at least, he is in the condition he believes himself to be.

This, also, is well proved, that every effect of laughing gas, ether, chloral, or alcohol can be produced through animal magnetism without their aid, since the magnetizer suspends the will-power, conscious identity, and memory of his subject, and forces him meanwhile to act, think, and feel — yes, even suffer — as he directs.

With such an accumulation of evidence as to what is claimed for this subtle agent, will the investigators stop here, and leave the people in the same ignorance as when the Salem witchcraft delusion, though legally ended, was still feared, because not understood ?

Is not the next question one also which must be answered ? Can the hypnotizer produce similar effects absently, and without the knowledge and consent of

the victim? Nearly all Christendom says, No! Preposterous! Impossible! and then relegates the whole subject to limbo. Nevertheless, investigation goes on rapidly, and convincing proofs show the vital necessity of a scientific solution of the grave problem of thought transference, as a factor in moral reformation and intellectual revolution.

If the medical faculty sustain by proofs the assertion of Christian Scientists, — that animal magnetism is as successfully practised upon a person who is absent as well as upon one present with the magnetizer, and more easily without the knowledge or consent of the victim than with it, and with far surer results, — then we stand face to face with a slavery heretofore unknown, yet so universal that again will be demanded for its abolition the spirit of Garrison, Phillips, and Lincoln.

I hereby affirm, from a seven years' study of Mrs. Eddy's works, and from an attempt to abide by her teachings, that innocent and malicious mental malpractice is an evil whose swelling proportions none realize like herself.

Her faithful students join issue with her in unceasing labors to rouse the apathetic and indifferent to note the power of animal magnetism when *not understood*; to sustain and comfort those who have been caught by its specious claims as a remedial

agent, and whose sufferings have opened their eyes ; to warn the innocent and unwary ; and to protect honest, well-intentioned persons from becoming either its willing or unwilling victims.

Mrs. Eddy teaches every student the power of God ; but she teaches as faithfully the opposite claim of evil as a power ; and to her everlasting credit and honor be it said, that no one can remain long within the pure realm of her thought, yet care to continue to sin. Either sinners must depart from her, or sin must depart from them.

United in the closest bonds of Christian love, working solely to establish God's kingdom on earth, we stretch our hands across the sea, with feelings of good-will and gratitude, toward those high-minded men who, in their own way, are attempting to gain a full understanding of the methods of animal magnetism. They need our aid, and theirs will help our cause on to its fulness and perfection.

Laus Deo!

Originally published in *Christian Science Journal* in issue of December, 1887, over fictitious signature, Mary Elizabeth Stone.

OH Christmastide! Oh wondrous, gladsome time! Divinity speaks, humanity answers, and with universal impulse, pays homage to the Bethlehem Babe, the Saviour of the World!

Again the listening ear catches the refrain of angel voices, chanting the new-old message, "Peace on earth, good-will to men." The surging waves of human want and human woe are hushed and still. Harmony pervades the air, and joy floods the world.

Shall this abide with men, this wonderful season, enriched as it is, with such warmth of divine Love, such a sweet consciousness of His presence, from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift? Is it but for an hour and a day? Is it to be symbolized alone by a mere mortal sense of giving and receiving material goods and bodily adornments?

Little flock of watchers on the mountain-tops, while earth's heedless children lie sleeping, what is Christmas to you? Like the shepherds of old, you have devoutly turned from the darkness of evil toward the resplendent dawning Star of Truth. To

you it is given to behold the infant Messiah. Assured are you of the dawn of the Kingdom over which he is Lord. Bring then your earthly idols, and lay them here at his feet. Reverently, tenderly, lovingly offer this hour the things of the flesh, and receive in return the great riches of Mind, to which you are joint heirs through the baptism of suffering with Christ. With consecrated hopes and regenerated affections you may well spiritualize this Christmas season, and return to your labors with holy and glad steps, —feeding his lambs.

Banished is the old limit of stinted possessions and vain longings to do good. All Good is yours. Its infinite thoughts are yours to enjoy and reflect. It is your blessed right to watch the redeeming infant idea, as it waxes stronger and grows in grace and glory, finally ruling from your heart all errors with the iron rod of victory. It is yours to feed His sheep. Will you shower upon them an eternal Christmas; or will you leave them on the jagged mountain-sides to perish with cold and hunger? Oh, see to it, if you love Him whose name you have taken for yourselves, that not one of His little ones is left to perish. Let no stones be given as bread from the Master's table. Let the solemn responsibility of your mission, —you who have caught the true sense of that Babe, whose birthplace was a

manger, — abide in your thought, a heavenly portent, working in you and through your motives and deeds.

Follow Truth, patient toilers, from the manger to Calvary, in the footsteps of him whose disciples you are. Only a handful are ye indeed, but ye are mighty in power. Falter not, shrink not, be tempted not; but let your lives be the ransom for many. Then shall there be with you on that latter day the angel of the resurrection, who shall roll away for you the sepulchral stone and declare the risen Christ.

Tests of Discipleship.

Originally published in *Christian Science Journal* in issue of January, 1888, over fictitious signature W. E. Chase.

IN the Gospel record we read that at a certain time after the Resurrection, when Jesus was walking with two of his disciples, "their eyes were holden, that they should not know him."

Then the disciples, whose mortal vision had been glorified by seeing the Master raise the dead and walk on the wave, lost, for the first time, their understanding that all was Mind, and were withheld, apparently by some power, from realizing that they were in the actual presence of their Lord.

While vows of love and fealty were yet warm upon their lips, with hearts still thrilling with the joyful recollection of his mighty demonstrations, Animal Magnetism nevertheless held them, for the hour, in such complete mastery, that every attempt to spiritualize their apprehension of Jesus was in vain. They were in his very presence, yet leagues away! So near, and yet so far! Talking with him, yet knowing him not. Oh, the gloom of that hour! What an awful contrast to those happy Galilean days when he was in their midst!

Christian Scientists of to-day, seeking to bring out the same Truth as did those chosen ones, do you expect to be spared a like experience? The world, the flesh, and the devil are to be overcome ere this earth race is finished, and only he who endures to the end will be saved. It is vain to plead for more time in which to obtain dominion over the flesh; useless to turn into conciliatory bypaths, instead of keeping on through the strait gate of Truth.

It is worse than vain to make compromises with sin. When you add procrastination to inactivity, and indifference to stolidity, you have heaped remorse and retribution high upon your head, and hung new millstones about your neck. Diabolism gains fresh power over you each time you palter with the demands of the flesh, and comes up armed against you with redoubled assurance of victory.

Do some argue that, beholding Jesus' works would have convinced their understanding and made them stand firmer in the ranks to-day, clinging more closely to the teachings of Christian Science? Do you maintain also that, had you been an eyewitness of his works, you would have been more faithful to Jesus than were those who did see them but who forsook him in his hour of need, hiding themselves with his enemies? How can you ask that credence shall be given to such protestation when you are not

even faithful to the high sense of Truth you already possess, for is it not written that he who is faithful over a few things shall be made ruler over many?

Which student can deny already having seen and felt some assurance of what the understanding that God is All, can and will fulfil? Who has not also experienced the opposing void, — the moments, — hours, — days, — perhaps, fraught with torturing doubts, when, yearning unspeakably to hear and recognize God's voice, yet conscious alone of mocking echoes?

Oh, brothers and sisters in a common cause, let us not deny these times do come to each of us. Cyclones of error, whirlwinds of discord seem for the hour to overcome and prostrate us, making us humanize Deity, — or, what is far more fatal, deify ourselves, and those whom mortal sense bids us hold dear. Any attempt to do this shuts us out in an instant from communion with the impersonal Good, the Father's Love.

Then, like Peter and John, we shall seek the resurrected Christ through physical sense, and find him not. Our eyes will be holden, and we shall not know him. Our limbs will be again fettered, just as we were beginning to "run and not be weary, walk and not faint."

Outside of all persons and personifications we

must find God. In the thoughts emanating from the One Mind which is God, we must find our consciousness and identity.

The three days' duress of Jesus in the tomb so transfigured him, that the disciples who had failed in loyalty could not at first commune with him, nor was this alienation spanned, until he broke bread with them, opened their understanding, and through his own agony and their remorse spiritualized their thought still higher. Then they saw, then they heard.

Self-evident is the lesson for us. Whether we stand still, or go backwards, we shall lose what we have already gained (be it much or little), by which we are able to gather ourselves up as Mind's reflections. Burying our risen Lord, we shall indeed lose him, as did the Eleven; but when, on the other hand, we catch a sense of the supremacy of Truth, we find ourselves in instant communication with all of Good we have yet comprehended, and (like the disciples) we shall no longer mourn a crucified Saviour, but realize the sweet presence of Redeeming Love.

Scientific Housekeeping.

Originally published in *Christian Science Journal* in issue of February, 1888, over fictitious signature Miriam Daniels, and republished in *Denver Republican*.

SURELY the Children of Israel have a home in Mind. To each of them belong the many mansions in the Father's house. The Son of Man had not a place to lay his head. Where indeed would it be possible to find a permanent abiding place in matter, or in mortal mind? Change, decay, and death mark ever its chaotic nature. Storm-driven sons and daughters of earth must sooner or later detach their sense from an identity or habitation in flesh, or knowledge of evil, in order to gain a passport into the abode of Spirit.

Some portion of this work has already been achieved by those who, through the study and demonstration of Christian healing, have gained an assurance that they have a place prepared for them in the stately chambers of Truth, made beautiful by Love. This abode is a mental condition, — a capacity to realize the presence and power of good in the midst of seeming evil. It is an at-one-ment with the Father, through the Redeemer, Jesus Christ.

Inborn in every right-minded man and woman is a

longing for a home, some spot to call one's very own, in which dwell one's dearest and best ; to which, when the day's work is ended, one may flee for rest and good cheer, and from which one seeks to exclude all that is harsh or unpleasant. What endless years of toil and care have been spent in providing such homes for ourselves and our children ! How often have wives and mothers been overtaxed and worn out in their labors to make these homes bright and attractive ! How have the husbands and the fathers broken down, in toiling to furnish the necessities and luxuries of earth ! With what genial hospitality have the tables been spread and the guests bidden to feasts ! Was the housekeeping ever done ? Did not each day bring its new duties ? Because the rooms were swept and garnished and the larder filled one day, did that answer for the next ? Was it not often necessary to throw wide open the doors and windows to let in the pure, fresh air and the pleasant sunshine ?

Well, indeed, we all learned these lessons, for our fathers and mothers instilled them into our natures with our earliest memories ; but did they teach us how to have clean, bright, attractive thoughts, — how to be Scientific housekeepers and providers, — how to locate, build, and furnish a mental habitation constructed only of good thoughts, — how to “live

and move and have our being" in the One Mind, God, — how to prevent any intrusion of evil and pain? I think we must all answer that they did what they could for us ; but as they lacked Understanding themselves, they could not impart what they did not possess. They may have left us pedigrees and bank accounts, or grounded us well in the knowledge of books ; but of the wealth of spirit they knew little ; and so when sickness, sin, and affliction overtook us or our dear ones, we saw the paucity of any and everything the world could give, and were driven to seek the peace that Jesus gave, — the Comforter, the healing power of Truth.

More than this we have learned since we accepted the Cross and consecrated ourselves to the Master's service. We know a most solemn obligation rests upon each of us to make our lives the ransom of others. The place we have reached in mind, through triumph over error, should be so radiantly lighted by Truth's flame that it shall be seen afar off and be a beacon for the anxious. When the lame, the halt, and the blind are drawn thitherward, seeking the food and shelter we can give, the bread should not be stale with yesterday's mistakes ; the water should not be stagnant from inactivity, nor the stone unchanged into a pillow. Rather should the crumbs of comfort be new every morning and fresh every even-

ing. The only thought which the sick will digest, and whose potency cannot be lost, is that which is untainted with self. The only couch upon which the tired head may safely lie is the bosom of Divine Love ; the coverlid, — the Everlasting Arms.

No dark chambers, haunted by dim spectres of a gloomy past or forebodings of a dismal future, should be found in our thought. Gentle charity and white-winged Peace ought ever wait on Truth, as it declares that the only reality, the only heaven, is now. If these steps are taken, then, indeed, shall the miracle of the Passover be repeated. The sign upon our doors shall ensure us escape from all evil. Contagion and malaria of mortal mind shall defile us not, and the death-angel must pass us over ; for He has redeemed us, and accepted us, and marked us for His own.

Worcester Daily Spy of April 5, 1888.

EDITORIAL.

Mrs. Josephine C. Woodbury will in a few days visit Worcester, and give some lectures to familiarize our people with the true claims of Christian Science to their consideration. We publish, therefore, a letter from her giving general review of the subject, and preface it with a note of instruction from Superintendent Marble, by which many will find that she is an old friend and former resident: —

OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS,
492 MAIN STREET, WORCESTER, MASS., April 4, 1888.

Mrs. Josephine C. Woodbury, who will be remembered as Miss Battles, and who was a teacher in this city a number of years, was eminently successful, both at Lamartine Street and as principal of the Oxford Street School. She resigned to take a higher school in Boston. In all her experience here she sustained her theory that no corporal punishment is necessary in governing or teaching children. Her discipline was excellent. She had marked success in interesting and advancing her pupils and winning the love of all.

(Signed)

A. P. MARBLE,
Superintendent of Schools.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPY:

THE perverted teachings and practice of mental healing, now so general in this, as well as many other large cities, are in no manner sanctioned

by the text-book *Science and Health*, nor in harmony with the instructions of the Founder of Christian Science, Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy.

To ignore drugs, or advice from honest physicians, and lean instead upon any human will as a remedial agent, is even more pernicious than sole reliance upon material methods. When a weaker mind succumbs to the control of a stronger, the power used is not Christian Science, and its pathetic results are seen in a multitude of disheartened students, hopeless invalids, relapses, and an ethical condition in which Christian hope and faith are lost.

Ambitious teachers of the people, deluded by egotism and flattery from their blind followers, with no sense of that moral responsibility which marks a true teacher, are flooding the community with their books and pamphlets, laboring to impart through the press, as well as by audible teaching, the spurious adulterations of Christian healing.

The results are self-evident. On all hands are victims believing themselves to be "as gods." Estrangement of families, discords in the home circle, bitter alienation from pastors and churches are inevitable results from such malteaching and malpractice, while cases of ensuing insanity are not rare.

In many instances the best people, the purest

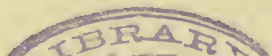
Christians, are standing aloof from the ranks of Christian Scientists, because this fraudulent mental teaching is the only phase of which they are cognizant. But this condition of things is only temporary.

“Right forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne;
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God, within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.”

Already the little cloud “like a man’s hand” is seen in the horizon. Justice is overtaking evil doers. God governs, and vain croakers of holy things must reap what they have sown, and learn their way out of error by having the sufferings they have caused others react upon themselves, “pressed down, and running over.”

The victims caught by the tinkle and glare of the counterfeit methods will gather strength and courage once more, and resist with the power of Christ, the spell under which they have unwittingly yielded volition and moral dignity.

The holy dews of divine grace will remain with them. God will temper the wind to the shorn lamb, and once more the Christian’s blessing of daily, hourly prayer will be theirs. Every good thought and deed will live, as the right hand of the Father



sets the sheep upon one side and the goats upon the other. When the final struggle comes between the true and the false teachers of Christian Science, the cry of "Lord, Lord" will be met with the awful answer, "Depart from me, ye that work iniquity!"

Then, and then only, will the people understand the enmity which exists in the ranks of mental healers, and the turmoil which attends the banishment of Satan rearward. Then, also, it will be seen why Science and Health, which so ably exposes all the counterfeits of Christian Science, is wilfully suppressed or misrepresented.

Again, before long it will be known why the Christian Science Journal, published in Boston, is the only magazine issued in the interests of this great cause, while every other periodical on mental healing is carried on for personal aggrandizement.

This magazine of ours explains and gives the perfect antidote of mesmeric or hypnotic phenomenal effects, called healing; shows its *modus operandi*, and makes its readers the masters of this recent, fashionable, lucrative vice, which, under the holy name of Christian Science, to-day lures to its fatal grasp the unwary, the avaricious, the sensual, and vulgar mind. To be a Christian Scientist (even of small degree) demands first that one be a Christian. Shall a man emerge from a realm of sin wherein his

life has been largely spent, and in twelve easy lessons by some intellectual, sleight-of-hand performance, be graduated as a full-fledged Christian Scientist?

Shall such imposture receive the money, confidence, and care of the sin-sick or pain-wearied invalids, whose hearts are yearning for one crumb of the bread of life from the Master's table?

Nay, before long the public will come to understand that, though one claims, with loud voice and much advertising, that he or she is a student of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College and uses Mrs. Eddy's text-book in teaching, and her name as a passport to public favor, it by no means follows that that person is a Christian or a healer, to say nothing of assuming to be a teacher. Mrs. Eddy religiously and faithfully shows each student the way in which to take up the cross with self-abnegation, and to follow him who triumphed over sin. Nay, more! She does not expose or denounce her recalcitrant students (even when she knows they are departing from morality and Christianity) if by any lenient charity she may save them; but when forced to do this for the benefit of the community, she does not flinch from the sad duty, nor consider the sorrow which she feels at such retrogression and exposure. Those wayward ones who have turned a deaf ear to her prayers and warnings know this to be true.

Letter to The Bath Daily Times.

Published in its issue of April 21, 1888.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES:

MY thanks are due you for the generous space accorded your reporter's views of my remarks on Christian Science, in the Swedenborgian church of your city, on Monday last.

To give a verbatim report of an informal conversation, such as took place at that time between my audience and myself, upon a subject with which your correspondent was unfamiliar, could not of course be expected. His notes, however, were mainly correct and universally kind, but I desire to state that I have never been located in the city of Augusta (my school and home being in Boston), but that it is now about twelve months since I first taught in the former city, my visits there being short and infrequent. So far as I know, only one minister in Augusta ever openly preached against Christian Science, and then not so much against myself personally, but against me as a follower of the Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy, the Founder of this Science. The cases of healing which I cited did not occur in Augusta.

For the interest manifested in this cause in Bath,

its followers will be grateful. For the courtesy of the minister who offered his church to me, and to his brother clergy who read the notice of the meeting from the pulpit, good will accrue in return.

For the support and Christian fellowship with which one of them favored me in public, I am personally grateful, and his earnest words in defence of what Christian Science had done for him, will prove a power to draw many truth-seekers to this gospel healing, who are outside of his congregation.

The seed is sown in Bath and will prove its divine origin as time passes on, as Christian Science, so new to this nineteenth century, yet as old as the Master, finds its way to every bedside of pain, every corner of sin.

The Queen City of the West.

Originally published in Christian Science Journal in issue of May, 1888.

A COSMOPOLITAN city is Denver. Many invalids, from all quarters of the globe, seek health and vigor there, lured thitherward by its sapphire skies and balmy breezes. Nowhere does the sun shine more brightly than in Denver. Nowhere do the winds play more softly than in this wonderful city, nestled so lovingly at the foot of the grand old Rockies, whose summits of perpetual snow seem, in their solemnity and grandeur, to keep guard over the busy and pushing life of the inhabitants of the Queen City. As an unselfish mother breasts the clouds of adversity to save a beloved child, so these lofty peaks arrest the storms and bid them spend their fury upon their own rugged fronts, while only the softest zephyrs descend upon the clustered spires of Denver.

From extended observation, during a recent visit to this favored locality, I solved, to my own satisfaction at least, the oft-repeated inquiry as to the reason of the universal interest there in Christian Science. Unlike many Western cities, Denver is made up of unwilling exiles from nearly every State in the

Union, and from many countries of Europe. These persons have left their homes and friends, beloved scenes and associations, because of the salubrious climate of Denver, and largely believe that life can there be comfortably prolonged, whereas a return to the South or East might prove fatal. This longing for home, so innate in the human heart, has led many of these exiles to Christian Science, with the hope that, through its healing power, such freedom would be gained as to make life possible and joyous in any place or clime.

Much good has already been accomplished in this line. The delusion is fast disappearing, that health is obtainable by any means save an understanding of Truth. The pioneer days are over in Denver. All honor to those who first uplifted the banner of Christian Science there, and changed the city from a sanitarium and hospital into a very stronghold of our God. It was a glorious moment when General Fremont unfurled the Stars and Stripes on the lofty summit of Pike's Peak, and a breath of liberty stirred the mountain air; but sublimer yet was the work of those who here first held aloft, on the mountain top of purified vision, the diviner emblem of Love, — the standard of Christian Science, — the promise of eternal freedom from sin and pain.

What wonder that the harpies of envy, malice, and

revenge seek to cramp the lofty-pinioned eagles of holy desire and consecrated aspiration. Denver has felt the basilisk's poison. Fraud treads close upon the heels of Truth, and for a time they look alike.

No possible unity can be established between the true and false methods of healing and teaching. The two are forever at enmity. Once let the people understand this and they are saved, and this the Denverites are wakening to see. They are finding out that twelve lectures (?) with a (so-called) Christian Scientist will make neither a Christian, a healer, nor a cure. The only possible avenue through which to inherit healing power is by forsaking one's own sins, and freeing one's self (through God's laws) from the sins of others. Neither twelve lessons, nor twelve hundred, can do this work for another, since each must do it for himself. The true teacher imparts the understanding, and wakens the student to the necessity of keeping a sharp watch on thought.

During my recent visit in Denver, I was an invited guest at the Fortnightly Club, composed of twenty-four ladies of ability and achievement. I was intensely interested at the able manner in which they discussed, and tried to stem the tide of many growing evils of the day; and I called their earnest attention to the grave questions of thought-transference, mental hypnotism, and the like. It is from

such women as these that vital assistance should be rendered, whereby to expose this rampant error in their own city. They should, and probably will, investigate this subject of mental contagion, and use sufficient means to prevent its increase. Such efforts would hasten the cause of Christian Science in Denver, and bring about purer and healthier mentality.

As for Mrs. Eddy's students in that city, they should understand this question of mental suggestion, and know how to handle it with perfect safety to themselves. By so doing they would emulate the precepts and example of the Master, and flee not from the sheep when the wolf cometh. It is their imperative duty to protect the innocent, and loose "the snare of the fowler." God's sweet promises rest with them, if this is done.

Christian Scientists.

THEIR RECENT CONVENTION IN CHICAGO.

PHENOMENAL INCIDENTS.

Boston Traveller, June 23, 1888. Afterwards reprinted in Christian Science Journal in issue of July, 1888, over signature Eye Witness.

TO the watchful, unprejudiced observer signs indicate facts.

That a body of people, numbering nearly eight hundred, should come together for mutual enlightenment is no marvel; but that they should come together "with one accord in one place," acknowledging one Leader, one purpose, one cause, and that cause the establishment of God's kingdom on earth, is big with meaning.

The presence in Chicago of the Discoverer of Christian Science might seem of but little importance to the casual looker-on, but when it is remembered that for twenty-two years Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy has declared and shown that Science and the material senses are, and always will be at variance, is it strange that certain signs should follow her, which are unexplainable from the basis of the external senses but testify that she has the unction of the Holy Ghost and the signs consequent, as is so largely claimed for her by all her true followers?

The common people, as well as the instructed students, receive evidence of the truth of Christian Science, that they too may be healed and believe. Do the ensuing incidents afford any proof that God's right hand is upon this hour, and that his inspiration and power have come to one individual more than to others?

Nine months ago there was in Boston a gathering of so-called mental healers, under the name of Christian Scientists, — persons who rejected Mrs. Eddy as Leader of this cause, yet who had received from her all that they knew of its grand truth.

Wrangling and elbowing for leadership characterized their meeting. The public mind was prejudiced against these mind curers and their methods. At Chicago, where the work was carried on in God's grooves, the utmost peace, good will, and harmony prevailed, and the loyal, grateful students, numbering several hundred, gave the Teacher and Leader her rightful place.

On the morning of the fourteenth, it had been announced that the public would be admitted to hear the address. Mrs. Eddy having requested that the delegates be the chief speakers, knew not until her arrival at the hall, where were from three to four thousand people, that she, and she alone, had been announced by the newspapers to deliver the address.

With no subject selected, and without notes, she appeared upon the platform, when, as by some pre-concerted plan, the whole vast audience rose to its feet and welcomed her.

By what power did her voice fill that immense auditorium, so that those most remote from her heard her distinctly?

The scenes that followed her address will long be remembered by those present. The people were in the presence of the woman whose book had healed them, and they knew it. They came in crowds to her side, begging for one hand-clasp, one look, one memorial from her, whose name was a power and a sacred thing in their homes. Those whom she had never seen before, — invalids benefited by her book, *Science and Health*, each attempted to hurriedly tell the wonderful story. A mother who failed to get near held aloft her babe that the little one might behold her helper. Others touched the dress of their benefactor, not so much as asking for more. An aged woman, trembling with palsy, lifted her shaking hands at Mrs. Eddy's feet, crying, "Help! help!" and the cry was answered. Many such people were known to go away healed. Strong men turned away to hide their tears, as the people thronged about her with blessings and thanks.

Meekly and almost silently she received all this

homage from the multitude until she was led away from the place, the throng blocking her passage from the door to the carriage.

What wonder if the thoughts of those present went back in memory to scenes of eighteen hundred years ago, when through Jesus was manifested the healing power?

Can the cold critic, the harsh opposer, the disbeliever in Christian Science, call up a like picture through centuries? In the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, and his subsequent betrayal, is there no likeness to the two conventions in Chicago and Boston? What was the temple veil which was rent asunder when Jesus died? What was the Pentecostal hour but the dawning of God's Allness and Oneness, and his supremacy manifested in gifts of tongues and healing? Let history declare the facts of Mary Eddy, and tell what were the blessings and power she brought, and whence they came.

Jubilee of Song.

Originally published in *Christian Science Journal* in issue of June, 1888.

IT had been talked of for weeks and months, and now it was really to happen. The song birds were going to have a jubilee, a regular Peace Jubilee, in the merry month of June. Such wonderful things were planned and such great expectations were in the air!

Why, the affair was sure to be a success, from the very moment the Pussy Willows heard of it; and you know they have a knack of hearing pleasant things before anybody else even dreams of them. Donning their soft gray street costumes, with bosoms swelling with satisfaction, they called on their neighbors to repeat the good tidings.

The family who lived further down the road, the Birches by name, received the news in rather a trembling fashion; but sent acceptance and sincere congratulations, while the Maples and Larches whose home was nearer the town centre, and who had private telephones, offered to send despatches all about, that the information might be general.

The Executive Committee were the Chickadee Brothers and the Woodpeckers. The former were

so used to working out of doors in all sorts of weather, that it was thought best they should begin, before the snow and ice had really gone, to prepare the great auditorium ; so the work was fairly under way before the project was widely known, and the process of carrying off the rubbish of past seasons was already in progress. With their excellent tools the Woodpeckers had lopped off each dead or decaying branch, and removed every crooked limb from the grand old trees which formed the amphitheatre.

What a place it was for a jubilee indeed ! You would have said Mother Nature, in a burst of generosity, fashioned it for this very purpose. On the southern slope of a lofty hill, densely wooded, there was just one opening where, if you stood on the greensward below and looked up, the sky seemed a sapphire lake in an emerald setting.

The lively Chickadees had been as busy as bees, and had carefully removed every old twig, each dried leaf and bit of clutter, from the beautiful grassy mounds, and the place looked as though it had been swept and garnished. Oh ! how merrily and industriously they all worked, and how pleasantly they worked together, each one doing his very best, — yet with no pushing, no crowding, no quarrelling, — till at last the labor of preparation was over, and the great concert chamber was declared ready for the festivities.

It was whispered, *sub rosa*, that not one of the enormous number of invitations sent out had been declined ; for all the birds were more than glad to be present, and make the day a triumph of song and harmony.

Who were coming? First the Swallows, who, though not much noted for singing, were always a help by their graceful presence and neat appearance. Besides, they belonged to a good family, and had some ancestry to be proud of. They were lofty in all their ideas. Nobody had ever heard of their descending to like common or low people ; in point of fact, when abroad, they associated with the real nobility.

The Wrens, and their near relatives the Thrushes, were all natural musicians, and a young Damosel Thrush was quite willing to sing in public ; though she had been brought up in a very quiet way, her mother being a most modest and retiring individual. She said she could not possibly appear in full dress, but would, if the committee approved, sing in her travelling suit, a proposition which was heartily accepted, for it was rumored that her voice was of exquisite sweetness.

Then there were the Doves. As they had never learned but one song, they did not care to sing much, even in the chorus ; but modestly remarked that

their families made excellent ushers at public gatherings, and were most peaceably inclined ; they would see to it that good order was preserved. So the Doves were installed in this capacity, and all wore the same badge, a lovely iridescent sort of collar, much admired by the guests.

There were quite a number of Partridges, who were noted drummers. They said they would attend and help in the heavy parts of the chorus, and would try, for once, to overcome their shyness in company, — a trouble inherited, so to speak, which was apt to make them leave hurriedly at times when strangers appeared. This willingness to do well under difficulties quite won the hearts of the audience.

As for the Orioles, just home from the Bermudas, with their intimate friend the Bobolink, there was a general shout of delight when they appeared. Such rollicking songs as they did sing ! Every note seemed brimful of mirth and joy. "Just the kind of performance for such an occasion !" everybody said. If Worth himself had tried, he could never have designed such a wardrobe as the Orioles wore, for they shone in the sun like burnished gold and satin. No one could get near enough to really feel and see, but it was declared afterwards that the trimmings about the neck were really of gleaming metal.

Then there was Robin Redbreast, so sociable and

charming, with his travelling companions, the Bluebirds. They were favorites with everybody, — bright, chatty and good-natured, always saying pleasant things, and winning people over to the sunny, cheerful side of life. No wonder when they entered the concert, and it was known they had been “doing Florida” all winter, that they were given a warm reception; but even this entertaining couple had to share the honors of the occasion in making people merry, with Sir Mockingbird, who gave his characteristic performance to amuse the party. He imitated successfully the voices of the different croakers in turn, the Jackdaws, the Crows, the Nighthawks, and the Vultures; all of whom, it was whispered, were outside the pale of good society, although invitations had not been withheld from their families. He said that during his recent travels he had been told that it was a fact that these very personages had declared that they could sing. Why, in some places he had found them advertising to give concerts, though to day he hoped they would preserve silence and good feeling. When he said this, a perfect uproar of applause burst from the assembly. It was by far the best point he made.

When he had finished his humorous narrative, accompanying himself with wonderful notes in his

own peculiar and droll way, the Linnet male voices were announced for a quartet. They sang in exquisite fashion, delighting every ear. Though they lived abroad, as did the Cuckoos,—whom they brought with them as accompanists,—they said that, when urged by the Larks to be present, they had decided to bear the expense of the long journey, in order that the affair might be made international.

When their fine performance ended it was announced that the Larks would give their own rendering of the *Te Deum Laudamus*. It was well known that these singers were born with great voices (there never was a lark who could n't sing !) and that their music was native, not acquired. A delighted voice, as the soloist was announced, whispered, "Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings."

I might talk to you for hours about this wonderful concert, the like of which was never known before. When the grand overture was begun, the very Clouds stooped low to listen, and glowed with beauty, revealing linings of silver and gold. How the Leaves whispered together! The Trees waved their tendrils with pride. The Brooks, freed from the icy grasp of Winter, rippled in merriest glee. The Flowers swayed with ecstasy in the embraces of the wooing South Wind, till the air was redolent with fragrance; yet all this was but a tithe of the glory.

When each had done his part, and done it nobly, there came a hush upon the scene ; for now the great prima donna, Fraulein Nightingale herself, was to warble an aria of her own composition. From out the breathless silence, when every ear was tuned to catch the divine melody, there rose a strain as if an angel sang. Low, soft, and sweet at first, — then, in wonderful crescendo, swelling into fuller rapture, — note after note, trill after trill, burst from the songster's throat. Now in exquisite cadence, as if depicting struggles, losses, and defeats, — then rising full and free, till at last it seemed as if she lost all sense but the inspiration of her own rhapsody, — the matchless tones filled the vast rotunda with their reëchoing roulades, as they portrayed the joy of victory and the peace of conquered sin.

All hearts were thrilled to throbbing, and when at last the final tones were hushed, like a *Benedicite* fell the silence. Gone was every sense of discord. The very gates of heaven had been pushed ajar by the majesty and power of the song, — opened, never to close again. At night, when the full moon looked down upon the place, all was over. The singers had departed ; but there lingered evermore those tremulous echoes, repeating the harmony, "God is Love ; let all the earth keep silence before Him."

Notes of Chicago Convention.

Originally published in *Christian Science Journal* in issue of July, 1888.

IT was voted to waive further business till the following day; whereupon, the Good of the Order being called for, Rev. George B. Day introduced the President to the audience. From the depths of her personal experience, and out of a heart yearning to bestow its priceless treasures upon those who listened, the revered Teacher, Mrs. Eddy, spoke. Those who understand her best said, with solemn conviction, that never before had she so sternly, yet tenderly, set forth the demands upon her students. For them she rent the veil of physical sense; to them she showed the hidden workings of Animal Magnetism, in its latest and subtlest intrigues. She warned those who would pass through this wonderful epoch in the history of Christian Science to watch and pray without ceasing. This duty done, turning with that mighty power which she possesses, to the God whom she obeys, and away from all sense of sin, of individual ambition, pride, and fear, she centred the gaze upon the Shekinah, leading thoughtful hearts to listen to the oracles of Good, and, listening, — to obey.

Report of Worcester Lecture.

Originally published in Worcester Spy and reprinted in Christian Science Journal in issue of July, 1888.

IN the papers of that city we find reports of the Sunday talks there by Mrs. J. C. Woodbury.

Ought a Christian to be sick? This was her topic, June 3, at the Art Students' Club room. Christian Science is allied to Christianity, she said; and if through the influence of Jesus, his followers may resist temptation to sin, then is it going too far to resist disease as an effect of sin? Some people see Jesus only as the carpenter's son. Others behold the spiritual in him, and understand what he means by saying: "Take therefore no thought for the morrow." These last, abiding "in the secret place of the most High," have the promise of complete protection, as declares the ninety-first psalm; and Christianity promises immunity from sickness, no less than it provides against sin. Christ could walk on the water and still the tempest; but while his followers are not able to do this, they ought to have no fear of the effects of the weather upon themselves.

Jesus is the embodiment of that Spirit which bestows Life and not death. Mrs. Eddy adopts this view of the Author of Christianity. "Call no man

your father upon the earth " means, that we need not be bound by heredity to sickness and sin ; for, in a spiritual sense, God is our Father, and from Him we inherit health and goodness. Christian Science is not antagonistic to Christianity.

Lost Opportunities.

Originally published in *Christian Science Journal* in issue of July, 1888.

AFTER all, the grandeur of Christian Science is its simplicity. A child may run and read. The most that our Teacher asks or expects of any of us is to be good and to do good,—to change our former affections and desires for better, diviner ones,—and to evolve vigorous and painless bodies from pure and holy thoughts, freighted with energy of purpose.

She asks each of us to do this work, first for ourselves, and then for others, thus bearing each other's burdens, and bringing peace on the earth. When experience has taught us how to gather the meaning from the inspired pages of Science and Health, and to dimly discern the import of a life laid down as a ransom for many, we may well close the book with a sigh, and blush at the chasm between its teachings and our achievements. How puny seem our desires, how meagre our deeds! We talk glibly, and feel impressed, for the moment, with the results our Teacher has brought forth. We admire the grand qualities of Mind which we cannot deny she has shown us. The gentleness, the long-suffering, the

patience, the endless misunderstandings, the toils and struggles borne with fortitude and Christlike meekness,—all these commend themselves to us, and we feel a thrill of pride that we can call ourselves her students and followers ; but the command to go and do likewise, wakes too often but a short-lived echo in our hearts ; while our spasmodic efforts to indicate the strait gate and narrow way are mostly flickering rushlights to the world, rather than the steady beacons of consistent examples.

We mean (so we say) to keep closely within range of her advice and warning, in order to be saved from ourselves, and from the contagion of others ; but as the path gets thorny and the ascent steep, we linger and wait till we are beyond the reach of her hand, and then think to summon, with imperative demand for help, the Truth which we have denied and crucified.

It is in such hours as these that we long to share the healing power, but in vain. We can remove neither others' woes nor our own. Every farthing of payment is demanded of us in suffering, until we balance our account with God ; then must we take up our march again where we left it ; and, footsore and weary, work with redoubled energies to recover the ground we have lost.

We borrow of Truth's oil once,—twice ; and we

fain would come the third time, but the door is shut. Had we not been blessed with a Teacher so faithful, who has forewarned us, we might find some excuse for these morasses of doubt and depression; but we know that every phase of mortal mind,—its cruelty, treachery, and hate,—is foreshadowed in Science and Health, and that the veil has been lifted for us to behold the developing possibilities of sin. Can we deny that we have been shown how also to find the antidote in Christ?

Mt. Washington.

From Among the Clouds in issue of July 30, 1888.

AT the Summit House, Saturday, were Mrs. Josephine C. Woodbury of Boston, Mrs. Janette Robinson and Miss Nellie Cobb, of Littleton. They presented the hotel with copies of Rev. Mrs. Eddy's writings and the July number of the Christian Science Journal.

Some Apples and What They Did.

A CHILD'S STORY.

Originally published in *Christian Science Journal* in issue of September, 1888, over fictitious initials A. C. S.

EVERY boy in Little River knew where those apples grew. The youngest urchin in the place, on his first trudge to the little red schoolhouse on the brow of the hill, was shown the tree that bore them. The river ran through this town, making two distinct villages. The road was straight from the East Side, along by the river, over the bridge, to the big open square on the West Side, where were the postoffice and the First Church.

The schoolhouse itself was a bone of contention when it was built, — and long before, — and the place where it stood has something to do with the apples in this story. When the townsfolk voted to have a schoolhouse, both villages agreed to locate it in the exact centre. The measurements being taken, it was found that, if this plan were carried out, the building would stand plump in the middle of the river. So they had another town meeting; and the farmers from the West Side called those on the East Side mean, and those on the East Side said at least

they were not greedy, nor did they want the whole earth, like their opponents.

After much wrangling and backbiting, the West Side carried the day, though nobody ever knew just when or how; and so the schoolhouse was built nearer that part of the town. It faced the East Side, however. This may have been a bit of conciliation on the part of the successful party, for as you came along up the hill, its red front looked down upon you in a sort of good-natured yet half-ashamed way, as if apologizing for being in existence at all.

Certain it was that the jealousy and rivalry of the parents had descended to the children of the two villages, for there had come up, in consequence, a rough, stolid, half-demoralized lot of boys, who were ready for mischief, and things even worse, at any time.

The road to the schoolhouse, from either side of the village, would of necessity take you by a part, at least, of Farmer Merryweather's broad acres. He had given the land, which was originally in the middle of his farm, for the schoolhouse, for he was generous, kind, and a good citizen.

It was in one of his pastures on the upland, not far from the schoolhouse, that this wonderful tree stood, on which grew those more wonderful apples. Nobody knew how it happened that this tree should

stand all alone as it did, a good half-mile from the orchard which the farmer's father had planted years ago. In this same orchard there were many trees which made a fair show while in bloom in spring, but there was a great lack of good fruit. Plenty of grafting and pruning had been done, in the vain hope of getting richer flavored and more abundant harvest; but the apples were always knurly, and the pears woody, while the quince trees, which dotted the rows here and there, did little but blossom. The pudding cherries seemed to draw nothing but acid from mother earth.

Now this other tree, of which I tell you, was the admiration and pride of the farmer, and a centre of attraction for the village boys. There it was, right in the middle of that beautiful field,—stately, symmetrical, prolific,—never asking a rest for the alternate years, as did the others, but just loading itself each season with these luscious, brilliant-hued apples. While the good old farmer was willing to give plentifully of his crops to the boys,—often letting them into his melon patch and berry pastures,—he detested stealing. When any one was willing to lend a hand around the farm for a half hour or so, picking stones or riding the horses to water,—when the midsummer sun parched the grass and wells,—the farmer paid generously.

Each year he tried some new plan to gather the apples on his favorite tree, before the boys made their plundering night raids. You know perhaps that there are some apples which begin to taste good, almost as soon as they have form or size. Well, these were of that kind, even in early summer giving a promise of the delicious flavor to come later. At last the farmer gave up in despair, and decided that no amount of fair dealing and open-handed generosity on his part would make the boys stop robbing him and denuding this special tree.

Left thus unprotected by him, the tree and the fruit one season held council together. The apples were hardly as big as nuts, yet each one trembled as it listened to the words of the parent tree. They had said they far preferred being picked by the hired man, John, — as he stood on his long ladder, and moved so carefully, lest he should injure branch or fruit, — than to be stolen by vicious boys. Better be packed carefully in cotton, shut up through the fall, and brought out at Thanksgiving, to be admired and finally eaten by the grandchildren, than be battered and bruised by sticks and stones, as they surely would if they stayed on the tree until fully ripe. And they were so defenceless! They wanted to be seen, too, in their beauty and richness; that was all they asked.

The tree itself said : " My pretty, tender, young twigs, which I have just started, are all bent and twisted. My strong branches are broken, and hanging to the ground ; and but for the rich sap which constantly flows through my veins, I could not in years repair the damage already done to me in my old age. I have loved to bring forth abundantly, and year after year have given of my bounty. Now you must help me and yourselves, or I can do no more."

To this the apples nodded, saying : " It is too true ; but what shall we do ? Who will help us against our enemies ? "

" I will," said the gentle breeze, which just then rustled the leaves.

" You ? " said the apples, " what can you do ? "

" I can rise into a whirlwind," said the breeze ; " for I know where the Cave of the Winds is, and if I go and summon them for an act of justice, we can all blow together. There are heavy, boisterous forces there, which never issue forth save to condemn man in his meanness ; but the tornado will come at my bidding."

At this the apples trembled with awe, and their plans were arranged with throbbing hearts. They were to ripen very slowly, and when the August moon was at its full, they would be ready for the marauders.

The night came at last. Still and calm lay the landscape, where not a leaf stirred. Not a ripple came from the river, and not a nightbird uttered her lonely cry.

Up the street, over the wall, stole the boys, loaded with sticks and stones. Under the tree they stood, gloating over the prize within their reach. Off went their hats and jackets, that they might throw the missiles more easily. Suddenly, from a clear sky, burst a thunderbolt. The heavens seemed to open, and flashed forth vivid lightning. Down came the tempest. Then, as if all the winds from the four corners of the earth had joined issue, a cyclone tore through the branches, which thrashed with their long arms the frightened thieves ; while the apples, blown by the fury of the tempest, had the force of rocks as they fell upon the culprits' heads. The robbers screamed to each other for help, but did rogues ever yet think of anything but their own safety ?

When at last each came to his senses, drenched and frightened, down the road they ran screaming, the farmer's dogs (awakened by the uproar) at their heels ; but never an apple did they take. After the last boy had fled for home, there was a gentle calm, and the winds died away as by magic.

The tree was saved at last ! Never again need

it dread being plundered. The young rascals had learned a lesson, and always feared a storm thereafter.

But what of the brave apples, willing to be sacrificed in so good a cause ! In the morning the farmer's wife went down and saw them where they lay, bruised and jammed. She carefully gathered them, thinking it was strange more had not fallen in such a high wind ; but then she did not know their secret. It was this. Only a few were needed to accomplish the desired end. Just before the tempest rose, the tree sent a great thrill of joy and strength into the quick sap flowing all through its veins, reaching the twigs, even to the very fruit. This gave the apples fresh power to remain firm on the stems, despite the force of the gale, except the few ready and able to do battle for the rest. They alone suffered much. So the good wife carried them to the house and filled these with aromatic cloves, that no decay might reach them. This done, the wise woman sent to each of the rogues one spicy apple, which should forever bring to memory that night of terror, serving as a warning for the future, as well as a talisman of help. Folded into each package was the following couplet :

Thieves often prosper at the first !
In the end they fare the worst !

The October Obstetric Class.

Originally published in *Christian Science Journal* in issue of November, 1888.

THIRTY-THREE students, from nearly as many States, availed themselves of the first privilege given by the Massachusetts Metaphysical College to study the anatomy and surgery of obstetrics, under the guidance of a Christian Scientist who has had an honorable career as a homœopathic practising physician for twenty years.

The first five lessons of this class were given by Dr. E. J. Foster (afterwards Dr. Foster Eddy). The unanimous opinion is, that he filled his novel position with admirable success and wisdom. He taught anatomical and surgical obstetrics most faithfully. He talked up his subject thoroughly, in all its intricacies; and this duty conscientiously done, he talked his subject down, with equal success, so that the students' thoughts were not weighed down with material conditions or effects.

This new department of instruction at the College has passed from the stage of experiment to that of proof, as to the superior advantages it affords over ordinary medical schools.

The last four lessons were given by the President.

What was the secret of her manifest success in these lessons? Did it arise from the fact that Ontology is so absolutely scientific? In this class, heart spoke to heart. The Mother felt that she was with many of her dear children, who had been tried and tested; who had gone out from her classes and immediate care once and twice; who had proven for themselves the Truth of her teachings, and had come back satisfied. She must have known that they yearned to receive sound Science and loving counsel.

Montreal Lecture.

Originally published in Montreal Gazette in issue of January 21, 1889.

YESTERDAY afternoon the hall of the Fraser Institute was filled with an audience composed of commercial and professional men and ladies to hear something further of Christian Science from Mrs. Josephine C. Woodbury.

She said that the religion she taught was the religion of Jesus of Nazareth, and her theology was based on his; the highest morality the world had ever seen was that of the Master, and the only true church was that which he founded. The sum and substance of his work was going about doing good, and he asked no man to acknowledge a doctrine or sign a creed. His sacrament was the sacrament of self-sacrifice in the daily life, and the Christian if he would lay claim to the Master's name must follow in his footsteps. His theology did not come from a Levitical priesthood or a sacerdotal despotism with its robes of pomp and power, nor was his claim heralded by human anthems of praise; the new sense of Christ was not the old, and the threadbare

garment which is called Christianity, has lost its original warmth, fibre, and life-giving qualities.

God is Spirit and must be worshipped accordingly, and none but the pure in heart can see spiritually. Men had to work out their own salvation, Christ had not done it for them, but he had given them hope. God was too pure even to behold iniquity, and he never gave the capacity to sin ; it was equally fallacious to say he permitted it ; to do so would be but beating against the wind.

Christian Science was like the leaven which the woman hid in three measures of meal, or like a mustard seed which became a great tree. While all her pupils in Montreal were those who in the common acceptance of the term were Christians, leading upright lives, they could yet testify to a new light on the Bible, which gave it added glory, radiance, and beauty.

The soul was of God ; there was no more need to pray for that, than for Him, but the essential thing was to pray that the body and mind be brought into submission to His will. Mrs. Woodbury had nothing but a sense of pity for mesmerists and mediums, as they believed they could control the life or destiny of another. She believed in God, not gods, in Spirit, not spirits.

She played no tricks with the senses, nor showed

strange phenomena, but she could lead others to prove that evil was unreal and that good was real. The senses held that man was born in sin ; that sin begat sickness and death, and that man departed to whence he came in one weary round, but the keynote of Christian Science was, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." However loud the senses spoke there ever sounded over Jordan's waves the heavenly voice, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

In concluding, she urged believers to use the talisman of love ; to offer themselves to God for His service ; to lay their Isaacs upon His altar, not asking that they be given back, but that the sacrifice might result in the destruction of sin. Then they would see that man was one with God, to whom all things were possible. Love God, she said, but not sin, and labor to reform the sinner. Come into the Genesis of man and accept theology only as it is revealed by God himself. The meeting concluded with the singing of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and prayer.

Christian Science and Animal Magnetism.

From Brooklyn Daily Eagle in issue of January 31, 1889.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BROOKLYN EAGLE:

WHEN a great cause is in its infancy, as is this one of Christian Science, there is and must be much untiring, unselfish labor on the part of its pioneers. Natural opposition to what is new and strange besets its progress.

The conservative element in public opinion is necessarily on the defensive to prevent the masses being misled by the continual disintegration and change in doctrinal platforms. Old moorings must not be ruthlessly abandoned until anchorage in new waters is secured. The bridges which have carried us safely over rough floods must remain until better ones are built.

Converts to new doctrines are proverbially enthusiastic and almost always intolerant toward others who see differently. This retards growth. Antagonism, ridicule, and persecution directed against any movement which is of real merit, only serve the ends of wisdom, since they develop in all true followers of a good cause, patience, forbearance, and charity,

and what is still more a characteristic of the Master himself, — a fearlessness in stripping from error the stolen livery of truth.

In the work of Christian healing all the Christ qualities are not only essentials, but imperatives, and he who has espoused any reform must not whine or turn back because the brickbats and epithets of prejudice are hurled at him. If it cost nothing to be a pioneer, the glory would be missing. There should be no selfish expectation of personal reward, or desire to behold immediate fruition of labor, for not yet do we understand the promise: "Behold! I come quickly and my reward is with me."

The uplifting of humanity should be the inspiring purpose, and the general more than the individual good, the end to be attained.

Those who have entered the arena and called themselves Christian Scientists have assumed much, and of them the public has a right to expect much. The greater the demand, the heavier the responsibility. Rightly understood, the cause of Christian Science is a mental and moral crusade against everything that "maketh a lie." It is a warfare against the five physical senses, in their innumerable conditions of pleasure and pain.

Those who have been in only one skirmish, and were deserters from even that, should not be allowed

to define the line of legitimate battle. Those who have been allowed for a time to be the standard bearers, and have sold the tricolor for the enemy's war paint and wampum, are not the true historians of this cause. Those only who have been thoroughly tried should be trusted, and the day is not far distant when mental expert will not be a misnomer.

Pinning upon the skirts of radical Christian Science such opposites as Theosophy, Spiritualism, hypnotism, and animal magnetism is adulterating Truth and works ill. There is but one method in Science, and this method will upset everything that is not rightly constructed.

Mary B. G. Eddy, although the discoverer of Christian Science in the Nineteenth Century, is not the originator of this battle between soul and sense. Properly construed, the Bible portrays this conflict from Genesis to Revelation. Whenever the divine scheme of effacing sickness by destroying sin has appeared, the opposite human method of casting out devils through Beelzebub has appeared also, and labored to obtain the floor. The "still small voice" of Truth has been temporarily silenced by the clamor of error's insistence that evil will finally have the same result as good.

That which prophet, apostle, and philosopher have struggled against but failed to destroy, Science must

expose, explain, and reduce to a nonentity. The questions of the hour are : What is Christian Science and what is animal magnetism ? Is one the antipode of the other ? Does the former destroy the latter ? For twenty-two years Mrs. Eddy has stood before the world as a Christian crusader, wielding the weapon of Truth against the claims of sentient matter and intelligent evil. To-day, leading natural scientists in our own and foreign lands are slowly but surely swinging the evidence round upon her side, sustaining her with accumulative proof that causation is outside of matter, thus establishing the supremacy of mind. Already the facts are sustained that by hypnotism or animal magnetism, the memory, volition, consciousness, and identity of a subject are entirely at the mercy of the magnetizer, so long as he chooses to hold them, and that the person under control sees, hears, feels, acts, and *is*, what the hypnotizer directs, who thus holds bodily sensation in abeyance.

Psychical research admits and believes that these phenomena before the senses can be produced only with the full knowledge, consent, and presence of the subject. Christian Science, whose province it is to expose all the possibilities of error before destroying them, insists that this fact be recognized, — that hypnotism and animal magnetism can be practised

with the greatest and quickest success without the knowledge, consent, or presence of the subject. Therefore let investigation continue. Let there be free thinking and abundant evidence so that in time the public will decide what is and what is not right. Thus and thus only are questions settled fairly. The few cannot assume the responsibility for the many on so vital a point as this.

We are standing as a nation face to face with a phase of evil whose capabilities as yet have not been conceived, but which, if not restrained, will afford an opportunity for crimes which may well intimidate the bravest heart. We have no legislation to protect us against unlicensed hypnotism, since the criminal can work mentally and so be undetected. Certainly if Christian Science (as is claimed) is the only antidote for animal magnetism, this cry in the wilderness should be heard.

Report of Augusta Lecture.

From Kennebec Journal, April, 1889.

MRS. JOSEPHINE C. WOODBURY spoke in Society Hall, Tuesday evening, to an interested audience upon Christian Science, claiming that the church had lost its original gifts and powers, but that they were to be restored in these latter days by faith and understanding of God.

Letter to Scientists.

Originally published in Christian Science Journal in issue of June, 1889.

ONCE again glad bird and fragrant blossom tell us June is here; the month that brings joy to the heart of every Scientist. It is the month in which we go up to the feast of the Passover, to the new Jerusalem.

The laborers come from the four quarters of the earth, moved as by one impulse, to render unto God devout thanks and praise that he has vouchsafed us such an abiding sense of his presence, that the death angel and the hosts of evil have passed us over. We have the blood signs upon our doors, whereby we are known to our God.

We ought, each of us, during this last year, to have laid on the altar some graven image of self, that has been hitherto worshipped, to have made the sacrifice with willing hearts, since this is the way to God. Not one of us but has learned by experience in the past twelvemonth, to come a little closer to that wonderful life that is being lived in our midst, for our example and hope.

We know by the signs of the times that summer is nigh. To us it is given to catch something of the

fragrance and beauty of the atmosphere of Divine Love. Let us assemble together at this marvellous season, with thanksgiving for the gift of an inspired book, and a revealed religion. Let us rejoice to call ourselves students of Christian Science, children of the Heavenly King. Let us be glad we live in this epoch of mortal history.

Report of Augusta Lecture.

From Kennebec Journal, June, 1889.

MRS. JOSEPHINE C. WOODBURY spoke in Union Hall last evening, to a full house, on the evangelical nature of Christian Science; an appreciative audience, evidently seeking the Christian side of mental healing, listening to her for one hour with close attention. Mrs. Woodbury is an able expounder of the Science. She named Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy as the Discoverer of Christian Science and the spiritual reformer of the nineteenth century. Christian Science is said to have many firm adherents in Augusta.

Report of Augusta Lecture.

From Kennebec Journal in issue of July 1, 1889.

EVERY seat in Union Hall was taken, notwithstanding the heat, at the Christian Scientists' services Sunday. The speaker, Mrs. Woodbury, held the closest attention of her audience throughout her discourse.



Animal Magnetism.

Originally published in Bath Daily Times in issue of August 17, 1889.

THIS term is used in Christian Science to designate the control which one human mind has over another. It has other and more familiar names—such as will-power, mesmerism, hypnotism, nervous energy, personality, odic force, etc., etc.

This influence is constantly confounded with the power imparted by Christian Science, but in reality the two are opposites. The more personal magnetism one has, the less Science he uses. Public speakers rely largely upon magnetic will-power, while artists, singers, and actors, and in fact writers as well, achieve fame in proportion to their ability to produce upon other minds the desired impressions.

Business men understand the wisdom of choosing salesmen endowed with the ability to make customers believe what they say.

In all religious revivals and large assemblies like camp meetings, much stress is laid on the efforts of sensational and "magnetic" speakers. The masses are first excited to religious feeling through zealous prayer and song and the feverish fervor soon be-

comes contagious. Alleged faith cures relapse when such enthusiasm wanes.

The reader may query what has all this to do with Christian Science? The answer is, — much. Most physicians deprecate excessive nervous expenditure, because inevitable reaction is the result. Insanity and nervous prostration are the concomitants of abnormal thinking. The more people expend their vitality, in the endeavor to influence or control others, the more disastrous the outcome; and we can with truth reverse the Shakespeare aphorism and say, It curses him who gives and him who takes, and with Lowell :

They enslave their children's children, who make compromise with sin.

Both Christian Science and animal magnetism need to be thoroughly understood, lest we misapprehend their opposite source and stream. No one can properly understand one and be ignorant of the other. One is beatific in its action, the other pernicious, and it is only a question of time when this shall appear.

Points of Difference Between Christian Science and Animal Magnetism.

Originally published in *Denver Republican* in issue of August 29, 1889, and reprinted in *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* in issue of November 16, 1889.

A lie which is all a lie
May be met and fought with outright;
But a lie which is part a truth
Is a harder matter to fight.

— *Tennyson.*

THE Cause of Christian Science suffers in two ways; first from inexperienced students, who mistake zeal for wisdom, and belief for experience. These attempt cases which they do not understand, and talk far beyond their ability to demonstrate, expecting to heal folly and sin in others, with the beam still in their own eye.

They are like Peter, whose rash conclusion led him to believe that if Jesus could walk on the water, the act was possible to him as well. Later on in his career, when egotism and presumption had somewhat gone out of him, Peter saw that he must learn to swim through the dark waters before he could hope to walk upon them. Then his name was changed and he gained his reward.

The injury done the Cause by such students is

unintentional, but none the less do they mislead inquirers, and discourage and throw would-be adherents off the direct line of Science.

All who would assimilate the grand teachings of Truth and see its wonderful results in "signs following" must remember and respect Heaven's first law, — Order.

The Leader of this Cause, from a life of toil, study, and long-suffering, has attained a position and power marvellous even to those who know her and love her best; but it by no means follows that her oldest and most tried students can understand or share that experience and power except in the exact degree in which they themselves have taken the requisite steps leading thereto.

To claim more is as absurd as to expect an untutored schoolboy to cipher in decimals who has never learned addition.

In the work of salvation it is impossible to begin in the middle and work toward both ends. All must be content to creep before they walk, be humble before they can be exalted, and then pass meekly and patiently along the narrow way, wherein every step is joy. There can be no vicarious profit from the sacrifices of others.

"Go and buy oil for yourselves," "Sell that thou hast; and follow me!" "Let the dead bury their

dead!" "The works that I do, ye shall do, yea even greater!" "Preach the gospel; heal the sick; raise the dead!"—all these are imperative commands upon humanity; and Christian Science says the time to obey them is now.

Secondly, this Cause suffers from the intentional injury done to it by a large class of students who have failed to make a fortune or personal reputation out of it. Many of these (I know whereof I speak) have received their tuition gratuitously from the Massachusetts Metaphysical College and also, for months at a time, the bounty and financial aid of its President.

The morals of these students are as weak as their arguments; and through their public and private teachings and profuse literature, they wilfully so misrepresent every line and precept of the Science, that the Truth does not cut through the self-will and vanity of their followers. Hence no clean, wholesome healing is accomplished by them.

They work as a dishonest surgeon might, who attempts to heal an abscess over a bone still carious; takes his unearned fee, and leaves his patient worse for having seen him. Nor does this evil intent stop here.

The life, motives, and deeds of the Leader of the Cause are misstated to the ignorant public, and she is continually discussed, criticised, and belied.

There is a malicious purpose in this, — to so prejudice the world against its author, as to cause the ostracism and denunciation of her text-book.

It is a self-evident fact that one cannot understand a prophet's mission, without first understanding the prophet; therefore to get the real value which Science and Health possesses, its author must be measurably comprehended. The antagonism against this book has not been triumphant, inasmuch as it has reached its fortieth edition. Still this enmity is not without influence upon the public mind, and the quiet, honest student finds much of his success in healing obstinate cases, to lie in telling the simple truth about this book and its author, placing the volume in the hands of the invalid or sinner and then leaving it to do its blessed work.

The recalcitrant students retain before the public the name they dishonor, calling themselves by the title Scientists. This, too, is a fruitful source of injury. The newspapers are full of the results of their poor work, and thus through the press, the seeds of prejudice are widely, though unconsciously, sown.

But all these obstacles do not dishearten the real workers, or render faint-hearted those who love the Cause, and labor to perpetuate the words and works of its Leader.

Their strength is renewed constantly by the patient example they have before them, and by the promise that if the bread is cast upon the waters, after many days it shall return. Fellow-Students, laboring in a common Cause, there is no reason for doubt or fear. We have but to do our part, cast our influence on the side of God and leave the rest to Him.

Report of Malden Lecture.

From Malden Mirror in issue of October 5, 1889.

AT Red Men's Hall, Tuesday evening, October 1, over two hundred of Malden's best people met to hear the talk on Christian Science by Mrs. Josephine C. Woodbury, C.S.D. The culture and refinement of the speaker, together with the delicacy with which she handled the subject, must have done much to overcome existing prejudice against the subject.

Report of Malden Lecture.

From Malden City Press in issue of October 5, 1889.

SEVERAL hundred people assembled at Red Men's Hall Tuesday evening to hear Josephine C. Woodbury, C.S.D., on the subject of Christian Science. The lecture was very interesting and pleasing. That Christian Science is a religion rather than some mysterious healing art, was a new idea to many. Such lectures as this will do much to arouse respect and appreciation of a much abused and much misunderstood subject.

Report of Montreal Lecture.

From Montreal Gazette in issue of October 8, 1889.

THIS subject received a further elucidation yesterday afternoon by Mrs. Josephine C. Woodbury, of Boston, in Hall and Scott's rooms. The hall was well filled. The speaker opened the meeting with congregational singing and Bible readings from the fourth of Ephesians and the ninth of Isaiah, and then proceeded to take up the deeper aspects of her belief.

There is something, she said, beyond physical healing, a spirituality and theology founded on the teaching of Christ, and having for its authority his example and precept. We have to retrace our footsteps to the four gospels which contain all that it is necessary to know, and there are found Christianity and Science bound with a bond. Christian Scientists do not deny as much as they affirm. They start with the assertion that God is All; that all He made is good, and they claim that evil is unreal. If God is omnipresent there can be nothing partially present, either logically or honestly, and sin or sickness are not conceptions of Him. To grow out of sin and sickness is to grow out of flesh and nearer to God,

and when the thought is touched with a right sense of Christ the cure is wrought. No one is cleansed unless he finds his supreme pleasure in doing good, and no prayer is efficacious unless there is fasting from frivolity and laxity. The lecture concluded with a statement in reply to a question on the essential points of difference between religion, as commonly received, and Christian Science, and claimed for the latter a broader spirituality and a deeper religiousness.

Concerning Christian Science.

Originally published in Malden City Press in issue of November 9, 1889, over signature Christian Scientist.

“**W**ITH what cracked pitchers go we to deep wells in this world!”

If we can't afford diamonds, by all means let us wear paste, cries the vulgar world.

We have n't time to be honest, says the nineteenth century; neither can we wait to earn an entrance into heaven through the slow methods of Jesus. Therefore, give us Rapid Transit. Let us have short cuts, even though we defy the warnings, “No trespassing here,” and “Beware of danger.”

Above the splendid achievements of the human intellect, and the dizzy dreams of sensual enjoyment in which this age is sleeping, there has sounded a bugle call to higher duties.

Man is imperatively summoned to learn his way out of sense, into Science.

In vain he whines to be let alone, and insists that he is troubled before his time.

Science is driving him from his anchorage in the senses, to the spiritual substance of things hoped for.

A premonition that sensations and impressions are

not reliable testimony has touched even the most stolid minds. The handwriting on the wall glows as with letters of living fire, warning us to regenerate human minds rather than human bodies.

The Daniel of this period is the voice of Christian Science, which says to sinners, "Come out from your lazar houses, into the disinfecting sunlight of purity."

It is the voice of one crying in the wilderness, "Repent ye. Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

Did you ever lay open the long grass when you had seen the trail of the serpent? Did you find the serpent there? No, it had gone into still more hidden lairs.

Christian Science, in its text-book, *Science and Health*, discarded materia medica and popular theology fifteen years ago. The publication of this book inaugurated a crusade against all man-made methods of obtaining health, peace, or immortality, and re-established God's methods.

It denied a man-God, but insisted on a Godlike man. It declared that the forgiveness of sin is the destruction of sin, through its expiation; and that Jesus had not done our work for us, but had left us his example, which was in deeds as well as words.

This book maintained views never before set forth, and students have satisfactorily proved these views correct.

No wonder such a book had to make a new path through the labyrinth of human opinions.

Now, because truth-seekers are finding in it the meat and drink for daily life, and still more because of its wide sales, every month or two some person in need of money lays hold of it, helps himself *carte blanche* to its cardinal points, sugar-coats them with falsehoods to make them palatable, and publishes a book offering mortals a patented road to heaven.

These catchpenny volumes are like the boys' tin trumpets blown in the air. People rush to the windows for a moment to see what the pother is about, then retire again unmoved, and resume the quiet practice of Christian virtues, holding more strongly than before to the great fact in Science, that only as the senses are hushed and their evidence repudiated, can man understand Truth, and reflect the Father's image.

Dissolution of Academy of Christian Science.

From Boston Transcript in issue of November 16, 1889.

AT a special meeting, duly called, held on November 15, 1889, of the Academy of Christian Science Corporation, chartered July, 1886, Mrs. Josephine C. Woodbury, President, the following resolution was submitted :—

Whereas, The Massachusetts Metaphysical College Corporation, the Alma Mater of all true institutions for teaching Christian Science, has deemed it expedient to dissolve, as per official notice published in Boston Transcript of November 9, 1889 ;

Therefore, resolved, That this Academy Corporation abide by the example thus set and vote to dissolve.

This resolution was adopted unanimously, and all debts of the Corporation being paid, it was then

Voted, That this Corporation be and hereby is dissolved.

EDWIN BATTLES,

Clerk.

True Freedom.

Originally published in Boston Daily Globe in issue of July 8, 1893.

Treason doth never prosper:

What 's the reason?

Why, if it prosper,

None dare call it treason.

ARE we as a people, loyal? Are we true, not only to our conviction that America is the greatest of all nations, but to the fundamental idea of freedom that gave our country birth and which we fondly hope she is God-ordained to represent in its fulness?

It may be a fact that we take precedence for mechanical skill and material progress, but are we the example "par excellence" in ethics?

Through bullet and carnage we have wiped out the black man's slavery to the white man, but does liberty mean no more than this? So long as any evil binds us we are ourselves slaves.

In consideration of the startling increase within our own precincts of catastrophes, calamities, contagions, and crimes, it may be wise to question the soundness of our national as well as individual morals, and seek a remedy for the present condition

in the teaching of him who spake with authority, and as man never spake before.

The Master often connected human aches and pains with human sin. It is remembered that he assured the impotent man whom he healed, that a relapse would overtake him unless he sinned no more, and that the seven new devils would make the last condition worse than the first. Jesus cured Peter's mother-in-law by rebuking the fever. Evidently the Saviour looked upon the fever as a fault of the woman's mind (since you cannot rebuke the body), and foresaw what followed the rebuke; the fever left her, and she arose, well, and resumed her duties.

Since it is wiser to avert than to ameliorate evils, has not the time come to undermine the present status in the affairs of men, by discerning and destroying its cause, rather than with widespread lamentations to attempt to wipe out the stains upon our fair fame after they are indelibly stamped?

There must be, and is, a reason why both crimes and diseases are increasing in number and subtlety. That this cause eludes a hasty scrutiny, is no reason why it cannot be traced, if the efforts to do so are persistent and in the right direction.

When we cease to reason from effect to cause, and

substitute the diviner way, — from cause to effect, — letting Jesus' ethics be the lawgiver, we shall not grope in the dark for the hidden sources of sin, but find ourselves mental detectives, whose intuition cannot be baffled or foiled.

We point with pride to our national position on land and sea, to our marvellous growth and material prosperity, to our schools, institutions, colleges, and churches ; but is not the basic thought underlying all classroom and pulpit teaching, this, — that man's, yea, and woman's too, first stern necessity is bread winning, and that successful money-making is a guarantee for prestige and fame ?

It is true that the divine command, " Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness ; and all these things shall be added unto you," is opposed to this teaching ; but cynics affirm that the Scriptural injunction is obsolete, and that a man must first attend to his bodily life, whether God's laws are honored in the breach or in the observance.

The poor and oppressed from other lands seek a home in this country more than in any other ; but does emigration set so persistently toward us because we are that happy people " whose God is the Lord " ? May it not be for the reason that here a man's time and labor command more money than elsewhere, and that the very idea of freedom, which

we claim to typify, is made a channel for such lawlessness that on horror's head horrors are accumulating?

What so much as loss of, or greed for more money, causes the fraud, suicides, and homicides, whose terrible details are often made the substance matter of our daily papers, *ad nauseam*?

The intimate connection between mind and body (a connection so little studied or understood by the masses) can be best appreciated by weighing two kinds of evidence.

First, the fact that the persons whose sole purpose in life is to amass a pile of dollars and stand on the top of it, or to become famous for some personal idiosyncrasy, are those whose nervous systems become soonest shattered, and whose moral growth becomes most quickly stunted.

Second, it is this class which helps to swell the long list of patients in insane asylums, convicts in prisons, American exiles, or suicidal graves.

On the other hand, humanitarians, philanthropists, — who do not become (shall I use the word?) cranks, — hospital nurses, and many physicians preserve for years good health and cheerfulness, and can endure with impunity, fatigue, exposure, and even contagion, which in other cases would bring death.

Retrospection and introspection are salutary if

from them we learn lessons for future growth. Bunker Hill and Plymouth Rock are not memorable as architectural or geological specimens, but as representations of ideas which we shall do well to ponder amid the hurry, confusion, or pleasure-seeking of this period.

It is the grand sentiments of the grander past, which made Faneuil Hall sublime, — sentiments felt and uttered, by men whose hopes for our country's future were based on self-consecration and self-sacrifice.

Are these sentiments dead or living to-day?

To be an American patriot, in its true sense is to preserve liberty of conscience, with justice to all men, and to yield obedience to God.

Has patriotism in this nineteenth century degenerated into politics, and has real progression been drowned in desuetude?

Shall it transpire in the near or distant future, that another nation, — and that nation ours, must swell the long line of those which have sunk in a night without a star, because of self-intoxication and worship of the golden calf?

If the present marked tendency to develop physical prowess or mere literary attainments, is allowed unchecked headway, and if in consequence, the moral and spiritual natures of the coming generations are

not improved, then the downfall of America and her institutions is inevitable, and her condemnation will be in exact proportion to her disloyalty to those holy principles for which she has claimed to stand.

“God is not mocked,” and sooner or later destroys all that is treasonable to His unchangeable laws. The handwriting on the wall, interpreted by the wise men of the day, warns us that with the close of the nineteenth century much of evil which victoriously walks the earth now will, must, pass out in suffering and destruction. The right alone can stand.

Surely our leaders need wisdom to steady this country on the side of God, for the next decade.

Society must be regenerated, pulpit and rostrum must send forth more inspired teachings; and, above all, the home circle, that bulwark of our hope and salvation, must be chastened and fortified with power from on high.

If we lack, as we go forward, wisdom for the solemn duty before us, charity, zeal, and even self-consecration may move in unwise grooves, and so become active agents for unforeseen mischief rather than intended good.

The present accepted methods for the promotion of the common weal fall far short of the demands. If one credits the testimony of the senses, the

balance of power certainly seems on the side of wrong, and the supply of good as inadequate for the amount of evil, as our means of transportation seem to be for our travelling multitudes.

White-winged Faith faints by the wayside ; patient Hope in vain attempts to lift the world on upward pinion, and sweet Charity fails to discriminate between real want, and scheming, vicious pauperism. Cool-headed logic dares not attempt to explain the difference, yea, the awful discrepancy between what is and what ought to be.

Humanity pauses, helpless, before its own unsolved problems, plaintively asking who or what shall aid it now. God and Science (for they are one) say to this age,

Speak thou, availing Christ,
And fill this pause !

But how? We need to know what is this Christ we have been told from our youth up, was the present help in every time of trouble. We must learn how to avail ourselves of that power which "forgiveth all iniquities and healeth all diseases."

We are not looking, and should not be, for a second coming upon this planet of him who once cured the pains and dissolved the sins of such as followed him rightly. But though no personal Jesus again treads the earth, seeking and saving devout

disciples, is there for us — because separated from him by centuries of time — no saving Messiah?

Diseases multiply; those once belonging to old age now seem hereditary and the children's portion. Sin is growing bolder, defying detection. We need Christ, if Christ means Truth, — for it is written, "The Truth shall make you free."

In the dawning of the Christian era the gospel was preached with no uncertain sound. The religion of the disciples healed all manner of diseases. It was indeed a gospel. Later on there seemed an end to this, and the need crept in for one doctor for the body and another for the soul.

These two methods, which to-day we call theology and medicine, form a partnership which has no foundation in the Master's teaching. When he sent out the twelve and the seventy, the gospel which they preached healed "with authority" all bodily infirmities, even as it had aforetime raised the dead and reformed the Magdalene.

Of the many magnificent churches in our land, can one be found in which such sermons are preached as will heal rheumatism, consumption, diphtheria, blindness, broken bones or decrepitude?

Amongst thousands of our clergymen, is there one who can heal his own body by his Christianity, much less the bodies of his hearers? Yet Paul did

this, who never saw the human Jesus. All our ministers preach Paul ; still they do not escape the Grippe with attendant maladies.

Among our celebrated doctors, few dare take their own pills or prescribe for their own families. No medical school can teach its students a sure antidote for blood poisoning. Yet Jesus raised Lazarus, and Paul, unharmed, shook off the viper. With what ? With Christ. Not by simple faith in Christ. Even the most noted modern faith curers also use material remedies to aid their cures. Paul did not. He understood a better method. This is more than blind belief or faith. Faith cure fails oftener than it succeeds. Understanding is the necessary medicine for all true healing ; therefore it is written, "With all thy getting, get understanding."

It is Science herself who has sounded the tocsin to this age and people. Her ways are God's ways, and they are all pleasantness and peace. She declares a present possibility of freedom from the thralldom of evil.

Human reason, which is the basis of all *materia medica* and popular theology, deduces its evidence from the phenomena before the senses ; even the society of psychical research does the same ; and investigators of modern hypnotism draw all their conclusions from the observation of its victims.

Not so does Science. In every instance, from least to greatest, She *rejects* even while She *explains* the seeming facts before the senses. All Science is divine, and is the method or law of action of the Mind, which is God. Much that is called Science is simply an accumulation of sense phenomena, which have been accepted as facts, because long so attested, but which fail before the presence of Science herself. Science does not give wisdom, — She is wisdom. She dawns upon the human thought through revelation, but never through erudition. It is her warning voice that is to-day bidding us turn our backs on the Satan of human philosophy ; to eschew all rapid-transit roads to heaven, however well advertised or patronized, and to come back with a humility which has not heretofore characterized us as a nation, to the simple moral and natural Science which Jesus loved. The Master often declared the connection between sickness and sin. To cure much sickness then, in a scientifically Christian way, and to have it remain cured, is to cure sin. The first step in this work is to learn the nature and action of sin. It must be the transgression of God's law. The next step is to learn which of the countless laws we honor belong to God, and which are man-made. The third and most important duty is to refuse obedience or homage to the latter when

they conflict with the former. "For he always wins, who sides with God."

Man's laws are not emanations of the divine Mind or Intelligence, but edicts of human nature starting from a mixed platform of good and evil.

God's laws relate to thoughts, and are moral injunctions and restrictions. We can learn to know with Jesus that it is not what goeth into the mouth of a man which defileth him, but that which cometh out of his mouth.

It is eminently scientific to study and practise law, since Science is the sum total of all laws. It is in strict accordance with the teachings of the prophets, apostles, and the Master himself to regard the human body and the visible universe as effects, and Mind as Cause. When we keep the Ten Commandments mentally, and preach and incorporate into our daily lives the Golden Rule and the beatitudes, yea, more, when we learn to offer both cheeks for the undeserved blow of injustice and malice, we shall begin to build our bodies beyond the fell finger of pollution, because in a measure we have gained the "Mind which was also in Christ." The application of mere bodily remedies is washing the outside of the platter. Let us no longer be doctored by the regular schools as so much mindless matter. Let us not be taught by theology that "we are as prone to sin

as the sparks fly upward," but let us begin to regard ourselves as mental creations of an All-wise Father.

If we, sooner or later, must be perfect because God is perfect, and each has his own redemption to achieve here or hereafter, might it not be well to begin by gaining such control over our bodies as shall make them a living sacrifice, since all other methods have failed us? Manacling the wrists has never yet cured a thief, any more than burning the body of a martyr has hindered his sublime influence on humanity. Both these acts, however, fulfil a human law and for a season appease human vengeance. Science declares the stealing proclivity to be mental, and that which suffers to be likewise the part that thinks. In true healing, therefore, handcuffs and fagots are not remedial.

The study of anatomy, hygiene, and physiology must yield in our common schools to the Science of ontology, or the laws of being, before our children will know how to be well and good. The gymnasium is but a bagatelle to those who even dimly have perceived that the mind regulates and causes all the functions of the body.

One may be able to number and locate every muscle, ligament, and bone, and have his brain full of pet theories how to keep them all in healthy condition; he may be conscientious in the minute

observance of these theories, yet the simple mental condition of fear can instantly stiffen, relax, or paralyze the whole physical organism.

Who can gainsay that death itself may not ensue if fear is sufficiently intense? — yet fear is a mental, not a material condition. One might as well spend his time trying to obtain the dimensions of houses seen in a mirage, as to study the human mechanism, from the basis that it is self-acting or governed by matter.

When remembering the endless number of lectures given and books written on laws of health, what wonder a humorist said “’t was better not to know anything, than to know so many things that were not so”? Care, anxiety, and fatigue cannot be cured with alcohol or chloral; neither by a trip to Denver or Florida. Broken hearts, shattered by grief, are not restored by morphine, even though this drug is prescribed by the regulars.

The last state is worse than the first of those who seek aid this way, while it is a grave question, whether that act shall not in the near future be regarded as little less than murder, which to-day is sanctioned by the masses, — keeping an invalid, whom the doctors have agreed is beyond cure, constantly under heavy doses of morphine till death ensues.

The pretext is that this drug will relieve suffering ; but suffering may, under some circumstances, be salutary and right. Certainly if caused from sin, it ought to remain till its pangs cure the sinner, and under such chastisement a better moral nature would appear, whereas opiates prevent the regeneration of the mind.

Our hospitals are full ; the surgeon's knife and scalpel are kept busy, because men have not yet apprehended that divine Love is the only true surgeon, and the cutting off ethically of right hands, and plucking out of right eyes the only true surgery.

Struck by the immense size of the insane hospital in Worcester, a bright child asked, " Is all the people in this place crazy, mamma ? " Surely a pertinent question, and a thrust at the fact that the larger we build our insane asylums, penitentiaries, and founding hospitals, the surer are they to be filled.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. In many points Boston is the leading city of the world. It should be, if it is not, the surest home of freedom of thought and speech, but a freedom that is liberty, solely because it is a law of good unto itself.

We claim that ours is a land of freedom, yet by a strange paradox our emblematical bird is one which preys upon all weaker ones ; the voracious eagle

being taken as the symbol of true liberty; yet in this regard America is like most other nations, from the days of the eagle-perched banners of Rome down to the double-headed eagle of Austria. As our golden dome crowns our historic hill, and is a thing of beauty to the eye from land and sea, so the light of our moral and religious purity should challenge admiration and emulation from our sister cities. John Harvard and Sam Adams stand for ideas. Two and a half centuries have brought many changes to Harvard College. If it has kept the faith of its progenitor it is well. The Declaration of Independence means freedom from all tyranny, combined with a deep dependence on God. What of the modern Fourth of July?

The scientific way is always the true way, hence presumably the right and Christian way. Still Science and Christianity have not yet been yoked together by the world. Time will prove that they do not antagonize, but support each other. Paul's scientific Christianity made him free. Ours will do the same, if it is like his. Laws of health are moral edicts. To be spiritually scientific is to know the truth, and live it.

That book is the most scientific which most lucidly teaches man to subordinate bodily sensation to spiritual intuition. They are the most scientific

who, in their own bodies, are most exempt from laws of matter, and whose minds most fully grasp the great unreality of evil.

Let the treasonable beliefs that sickness is ordained of God,—that seeming evil is only good in disguise,—that power is both physical and mental,—that the vicarious suffering of the just for the unjust is the divine plan for redemption, meet a felon's fate; then shall the world, freed from the incubus of slavery to sense, roll on its upward way. Then shall our young maidens pattern after the Venus of the spirit, not of the flesh, while our youth become mental athletes in conflict with animal propensities. Thus only shall the poet's vision be fulfilled:

In the noon of dawning cycles,
When the sword shall leave its sheath
To be changed to a pruning-hook,
When God shall braid his national wreath,
Africa, Europe, Asia, all
As leaves and twigs shall enter;
America as the golden flower
Whose rich bloom crowns the centre.

A Threefold Dilemma.

Originally published in Boston Post and afterwards reprinted in Bangor Whig and Commercial, March 20, 1894.

DOING good is presumably the highest achievement of humanity.

To malign and persecute welldoers is barbaric bigotry.

Whoever helps to Christianize prevailing systems is scientific and wise.

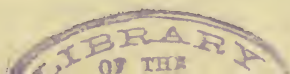
We live in a transition period.

Public opinion is in travail over vital problems, and the closing years of this wonderful century will witness some of the most startling events in the annals of history.

The three most accepted powers in our land are Medicine, State, and Church. Notwithstanding their prestige they are necessarily subjected to rigid scrutiny.

While no one denies the need of curatives, law, and religion, facts are fast educating us to the refusal of credit to remedies which do not cure.

We are being forced to repudiate the term Law, when it is applied to feebly enforced enactments, oft-times placed upon our statute books by private or party interest.



Last, but not least, sweet Hope herself urges us to feel that only to be worthy the name Religion, which secures us in happiness by first making us good.

The world does not fully perceive that here and now are the cure for disease and sin, and the liberty of heavenly holiness; but because no such satisfying sense of Deity is generally felt, is this a proof of its impossibility? Be the answer what it may, investigation is persistent; evidence from hitherto unrecognized witnessess is being weighed, and popular decisions threaten time-honored customs, medical traditions, and theological platforms.

Is it not idle, therefore, for Medicine to shake its hoary head, ominously scowling at pressing innovations?

First in this simple list of potentates, Galen has more adherents than Solon or Theologus. If trusted medical methods are scientific, they will stand every test, but the searchlight of progressive thought is full upon them, and no concealment or legislation can prevent the downfall of the unscientific, or maintain credence in what is non-conducive to human good.

If surgery is really valuable for the preservation of health, that element is in no danger of becoming obsolete; but if time proves a method worthless, it

must be relegated to the Gehenna of such outgrown and outworn practices as salivation, leeching, and blood-letting. Too free use of the probe and scalpel will cease when gentler methods prove successful. No matter what benefits are claimed through surgery, it is still terrible even with the alleviation of anæsthetics; and what invalids now endure, because knowing no other alternative but death, will be discarded when relief is found elsewhere.

Fear of an opponent is an admission of weakness. Any legal denial of the people's right to be doctored by undiplomated practitioners, if they so elect, will react upon regular physicians. Already the enlightened public is discovering that medical limitation bills are not so much designed to protect the masses from quackery, as for the protection of medical monopolists.

Why should competent physicians need safeguards? What do they fear? If their intent is to relieve human suffering, why not welcome any new methods however erratic, and ascertain if they will accomplish the desired results? Is it not better to be receptive and courageous, and fairly observe the inevitable contest between old and new?

Truth is no longer at the bottom of the well, but has climbed over the brink, and knocks at the door of human consciousness, inviting admission for her beneficent power.

The second dignitary on our list is the State, a sort of link between Medicine and Church, upholding the interests of each.

It is the State which as yet refuses full franchise to woman, notwithstanding the accumulated evidence that so far as she has been allowed a voice in public affairs, she has behaved decorously, and acted wisely, showing herself a genuine helpmeet for man. Woman suffrage means far more than the ballot. It is a cry for equal privileges, as children of one Father. If man is afraid that woman will exceed him in wisdom and work, his fear may be father to his opposition; but woman will surely ascend the spiritual ladder if it is her divine right.

It may be, as a distinguished writer says, woman's province to restore Eden to man, since it is mythically recorded that through her Paradise was lost. Let her bring on the millennium if she can, since man has had the precedence and sway for ages and as yet has not accomplished his desire or solved the problem of happiness.

Is not the State the acknowledged director of so-called education? Can the State hope to stand intact, under the forthcoming strain, unless it maintain its own strict integrity and high courage? If new forces are pressing to the front,—if hitherto unrecognized agents are at work, will old

statutes be found equal to new emergencies? As the poet says :

New occasions teach new duties ;
Time makes ancient good uncouth ;
They must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of Truth.

Each succeeding year should show an improvement in the mentality of our lawmakers. The Legislature should be made up of men, and possibly women, who will neither retain effete laws, nor lend their shield to selfish, personal, and sectional interests. Legislators should have the courage of their convictions.

Shall the State continue the enforcement of compulsory vaccination, or shall this prophylactic treatment be left to individual choice, even if not prohibited, as its precursor, — inoculation, — has been in England? Why seek thus to prevent only one contagious disease? Why not, as has already been suggested, and to some extent practised, use diseased virus for other dreaded ailments? Yet such a course is not seriously proposed, and would bring the whole tendency into disrepute.

There are solemn duties on American lawmakers. Will no great souls arise as in the past, — no Lincolns, moulded by the necessities demanding them, — no Wickliffes, willing to die for Principle, — no Joan of

Arcs, who will not forswear themselves? Let us indeed hope so, but let us remember that if Medicine is incapable of healing all the ills of this period, our legislations are well-nigh as powerless to restrain its sins.

You may say, — you who hug the old and dread the new, — that the Church, religion, is all-powerful for our protection and guidance. Has she proved so in the past? Will it be so in the future? As a rule, has religion been weakest or strongest in ethical and spiritual reform? If present religious organizations are ideal, — if the Church of to-day is a realization of the Master's conception thereof, why the unintermittent shifting of creeds and symbols? Why these mighty wrestlings in every sect? Why such alarm about the alleged inroads of Science upon theological barriers? Is Science God's voice to this age, or is it a foe to Divinity? Why does the Church assume a belligerent attitude simply because the voice of one, like Paul, born out of her time, pleads for a consolidated Church, a Church of Christ, minus ologies and parties?

Is it a Utopian notion that some day all will agree on religious, as they now do on mathematical points, and that beliefs shall be changed into convictions through substantial proofs?

If there is to be a successful Church in the future,

must it not be built in Jesus' way? He never taught a creed. He never advised two sets of doctors, one for the body and another for the Spirit. He received into fellowship all who understood him well enough to live and heal by his word and method. He constantly required of his followers, "works meet for repentance." Their fealty towards him must be shown by their ability to heal the sick and cast out devils from themselves and others. He upbraided them when they failed in this effort.

If he established the Christian Church on such a foundation, and his early ministers preached a religion which accomplished these results, by whose authority has the ecclesiastical condition been changed? Must not the healing, which is the rejected stone, again "become the head of the corner"? Either this ideal Church is forthcoming, with realization of the promised "Kingdom of Heaven at hand," or we are tending rapidly toward a schismatic condition boding disaster to religious institutions.

What is the exciting cause of this distrust of prevailing methods, rules, and landmarks? Perhaps it is the outburst of a silent but steady pressure brought to bear during the last two decades, of the generally ignored influence of Spiritualism, Theosophy, Hypnotism, and Christian Science. If these four witnesses are allowed a hearing before the

tribunal of public opinion, each individual must conclude for himself whether the phenomena they present shall be dealt with as fads or absurdities, (the creations of distorted brains, or minds in their dotage), or as indications of powerful agents for good or evil, not yet understood.

It must also be decided, whether the education of the young shall include physiology or psychology, muscular development or mental telepathy, or all combined.

As investigation honestly proceeds, it will be possible to detect whether these occult powers are friendly or antagonistic to each other, and which of them are really good, and which are bad.

It must also be taken into consideration whether, as is often claimed, they are one in origin and method, differing only in degree.

The question will soon arise as to what they portend for the future, when they are so influential in their infancy.

- The Societies for Psychical Research are mildly stirring the public to investigate mental phenomena. Honest clairvoyants are seeking an explanation of the trance and supposed mediumistic powers. Hypnotists confess to an ability to lay upon others,—through silent thought-suggestion,—a spell which they themselves cannot always break at will, and

from whose retroactive effects upon their own bodies they shrink with terror. The ardent theosophists, searching for their astral bodies, have brought their present ones into uncanny and abnormal conditions not easily dispelled even by the promise of a Nirvana.

In this unfortunate medley appears also the Christian Scientist, who, if he manifests in thought and deed a tenth part of the Truth he professes to possess, can give important evidence and convincing testimony on all these questions of such serious import. Moreover he can open a way of salvation.

Every kind of mental work has jealous opponents and zealous adherents. It is as yet impossible to correctly and fully judge of any. The struggle for supremacy will, must, go on. Let the sun of Love shine on the just and on the unjust. Let the rain of mercy descend on the evil and on the good. Very few of us yet know what is really good and true. No devout Christian healer need fear the final issue. Let him watch the signs of the times, and pray without ceasing.

If the assumption of mental healing is but a nineteenth century delusion, it will offer no solution to the threefold dilemma which is upon us, but will die and be forgotten.

If, on the other hand, Christian Science is what its

believers aver, those who march hypocritically or ignorantly under its banner, are still doing homage to the Truth ; and haply even thus are pushing on the Cause to victory, for it is written that offences must come, though the offenders are punished.

The writer records her deep conviction, based upon fifteen years' experience, that Christian Science as taught by the originator of the name, in Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures, will eventually usher in the reign of Spirit upon this planet ; but this experience also teaches that before this higher religious faith and its promised results can become general, it must encounter and surmount adverse criticism and opposition.

In isolated cases it has already been tempted with the wealth of success ; but it must also rise superior to malicious antagonism. It must endure disbelief and ridicule in order to be immovably established.

Let us who work in its name, rejoice in every trial which helps us to fulfil the will divine. The fruits of the Spirit are won only through contests with evil. We are at the beginning, not the end of a long warfare ; and the strife is not against other people and their beliefs, but in our own individual natures, against traditional errors, inherited limitations, heavy fears, mistaken duties, misplaced affections.

Christian Science and its Opposites.

Written in April, 1894.

I HEARD a voice saying,

If you have anything good, share it.

If you know anything good, tell it.

Hence the following :

Negations admit of no proof. Affirmations only can be demonstrated.

No one has as yet proved that Christian Science is an absurdity or a religious delusion ; while many are already satisfied that it is divinely appointed to permanently abide in the hearts and homes of man.

My attention was called to it some fourteen years ago, when neither the inculcations of my childhood, nor my confidence in drugs and surgery (even though both were used as remedies under the best medical advice) could reach my case. Naturally and honestly I gave full credit to the new method of cure, which had changed me into a well woman, restored and enlarged my waning faith in a wise, overruling Providence, making it possible for me to leave my invalid's couch of painful inaction to take a place in the world as a helpful agent for the good of others.

After my recovery, I systematically studied the book called *Science and Health*, which, so far as I can ascertain from careful and prolonged search, antedates all other volumes on this subject. Perhaps no greater homage is paid at present to this generally accepted text-book of Christian Science than the persistent plagiarism from its pages.

Of making many books on mental healing there is certainly no end ; and now, as always, there are persons who help themselves without leave or license to the hard-earned fruits of others' labors.

I like the threefold power of this Science,—educational, medicinal, and religious. The younger one becomes imbued with its teachings, the better he can break the fetters of environment and happily exist. When a little one is taught its moral precepts, he becomes a law of right unto himself ; and ample statistics show that such a one passes safely, without drugging or dieting, through childhood's ailments, oftentimes escaping them altogether, while others sicken and die with contagious diseases.

Another point has been well sustained by my own observation. The influence over the sick by a child reared in this new method of cure, is always to allay pain, and, not infrequently, to heal it altogether. Instances are many where such juvenile healers have wrought cures in cases where the maladies have been

stubborn and chronic. A young lad having sustained a compound fracture of the leg, his parents allowed the bone to be set by two well-known Boston surgeons. A Christian Scientist was present during the operation, and the boy neither suffered pain nor required the soothing of anæsthetics. Twenty-four hours after the operation the mother removed from the limb the plaster cast which the surgeons had said must remain in place six weeks. In eight days from the date of the accident the boy was in school, walking on both feet, having had no bandage, splint, or crutch. He had suffered no pain or discomfort whatever, and wholly set back the fears of the neighborhood that he would be a cripple for life; becoming later one of the straightest figures and most agile boys in his military company.

This case of mental healing occurred some eight years ago, and no deleterious effects have ensued from its having been handled outside of the accepted laws of surgery.

Nevertheless, fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and there are numerous cases reported in which zealous or dishonest practitioners in the mental realm have undertaken more than they could accomplish. The patients have died distressing deaths; townspeople have become indignant; the would-be healers have been imprisoned, or fined, or both, and

thus this blessed remedial system has experienced a temporary damper.

Therefore, "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding;" he alone has the promised dominion.

I am often asked whether I do, not myself expect death. My answer is, I should like to see less painful transitions; but I have never witnessed a preternatural exit, and hardly expect to be the first to inaugurate a change in the ordinary death routine.

As a religion this Science is attractive and unique. When once it enters individual consciousness, it holds its place tenaciously, and, inch by inch, gains ground and takes precedence over all preconceived views. It is so helpful, so restful in this workaday world, where the masses toil and groan, and the few lounge and look on.

It is such an adjuster of human rights, such a sweetener of daily labors. It averts every form of evil, while ordinary religion begets human mischief. Whenever and wherever it is rightly presented to unbigoted thinkers, Christian Science appeals to reason, morality, and, best of all, to the affections; indeed, in the affectional nature it has its best estate.

In a recent issue of the *Christian Science Journal*, published in Boston, there is a list of over one hundred churches where this doctrine is promulgated;

while other unorganized assemblies hold services in some hundred or more places, and gatherings are also held in nearly every State and Territory in our country, with not a few in Canada and Europe. The indications are that this religious system is rapidly increasing in popularity and strength. In Boston proper (claimed to be the headquarters of the movement) a church building is in progress of erection, estimated to cost considerably over one hundred thousand dollars, and which is to have a seating capacity of twelve hundred. This building is to be dedicated to Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, and is called The First Church of Christ (Scientist). She was the founder of Christian Science and the first pastor of this church, which has a membership of about three thousand five hundred.

Certain questions naturally arise. Are not people drawn to this, as to any other novel and well-advertised curative system? Will they not drop out of these newly established churches as easily as they came in? Do not these believers ever die as do all others, and before death do any of them resort to the old methods of cure? Time will answer. This Science has scarcely thirty years' history. At present it commands a premium; notwithstanding the fact that every possible phase of modern belief in the psychological realm is for the time being attached to

its garments. The influence exerted by each person upon himself, by one individual over another, by the living over the dead, or the dead over the living, — call the influence by any name you will, somnambulistic, hypnotic, clairvoyant, all are attributed to Christian Science or confounded with it. How can it be otherwise, while falsity and greed masquerade in borrowed garb in order to fill their coffers from the purse of foolishness and credulity? Fortunately the gullible do not long control the level-headed.

Sharp emergencies demand adequate remedies. We are in a period when the best physicians can scarcely tell, and two can hardly agree, as to what ails a patient, to say nothing of being unable to affirm a cure. One might be led to think "heart failure" a contagious disease by the alarming increase of its victims, while the Grippe is fast becoming an incurable and contagious malady. Another lamentable fact is, that the current theology of the day is not able to destroy sin. Electricity is brilliantly lighting our pathway, and whirling us rapidly through space, but it brings as its concomitant a steady injury to the visual power.

Philanthropists, weary of their fruitless labors, are taking to the bicycle for recuperation. Above the sordid din and crowded turmoil, — "the daily jar and fret," in this pushing period, obliging us to keep in

telephonic, telegraphic, and telepathic touch with everything and everybody everywhere, is it not sweet to listen for the footfall of a newcomer, — “A stranger within our gates,” — a blessed messenger of peace on the troubled waters of human existence? A mental Messiah has come to give us rest. Let us open our hearts to this wonder of the nineteenth century! If we bid it welcome, we can trust its efficacy for the abolition of our mad rush after Dead Sea fruit. It should be joyfully received, if it bears healing on its wings. For this end I long, but not without hope. For this I labor, but not as one who beateth the air. No obstacle is so formidable as to paralyze my persistent endeavor to benefit humanity. The most malicious adversary, now as aforetime, can be vanquished through patience, forbearance, and compassion. These are the arrows in the quiver of a genuine follower of this Science of Sciences.

A Plea for Christian Science.

First printed in the Outlook, New York, May 26, 1894.

THIRTY years ago, above the horizon loomed a new idea. In her text-book, *Science and Health*, the discoverer gives the date of this idea's advent into her consciousness as 1866; its publication being copyrighted later.

Subsequent to Apostolic days, I find no previous record of such a healing method. Instances abound of saintly exemption from untoward fleshly conditions; this immunity being attributable to stoical philosophy or exalted faith, operating by a process apparently incommunicable to others, and not analyzable in the crucible of cause and effect, but regarded as specially personal dispensations.

New Testament wonders are pronounced mere proofs of Messiahship; and to hope for their repetition, even on a smaller scale, is considered blasphemous. Christian Science asks if all the Saviour's manifestations may not have been rooted in his sense of infinite Love, whereby he strove to teach others his healing rules, which God would confirm by signs following. In his name should they drink poison unharmed, and heal the sick. The worst devils were

wolves in sheep's clothing, wizards making merchandise of Truth, false Messiahs prophesying lies ; but these demons were expelled, and Jesus thereafter affirmed, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from Heaven." Christian Science shows how mortals, while still in the flesh, may abolish the claims and ills thereof. Obeying the ethical law, in thought as well as deed, believers understand that Christ's crown was won at the close of his earthly career ; that, as Jesus left no corpse for worms, a similar triumph should grace perfect manhood. As, after Jesus' burial, he talked, ate, grieved, Christian Science declares this condition to be an important element in his God-sent demonstration. In our great Exemplar we do not find death involving cessation from human emotions, nor can we infer that our common death-experience is like his.

None of us die and rise like Jesus, who did not regard Heaven as the outcome of death, but death as the last enemy to be overcome. According to Christian Science, the Master's miracles are as orderly and interdependent as mathematical axioms, — steps upward from fleshly control ; but they are not vicariously profitable. We must tread the winepress for ourselves, and every step must be taken in sequence. The first is honest thought ; the second, moral courage ; the third, unselfish purpose. Then

the way is open toward that elevation of sense arising from the contrite heart ; but if we reject the Christly foundation-stone, we build on sand.

Like Peter, some Scientists may think they can now walk on the sea, because Jesus once did so ; that, if he forsook the tomb, they need never enter it ; but the thirty-third Masonic degree is not conferred before its thirty-two predecessors.

Our world sneers when practitioners fail ; but ancient scoffers derided Christ's success. Popular religion inculcates a hope of immortality, and leaves man horribly uncertain about his body, dismayed by the yawning grave. How different Jesus' victory !

Christian Science says, " Be Christlike, and ye, too, may authoritatively rebuke disease ! " assuring us that we may outgrow a legion of evils.

Could the Magdalene convey her salvation to other sufferers, or must each apply individually to Jesus ? If the latter, small hope is there for such as never beheld him corporeally.

It seems reasonable that one immaculately born could heal others of sin and disease ; but if Christian Science, discerned by one ordinarily begotten, can rise to equally saving heights, may not this suggest the greater works predicted by Jesus ?

Understanding his own spiritual and physical freedom, the Christian Scientist can impart the

knowledge to honest students. It is idle to declare the present achievements of this healing school too insignificant for respectful attention. Ignorant and unprincipled adherents may trail its standard in the dust, but wait ! The ring of genuine coin will vibrate in the listening ear.

The relation of mind with mind involves the moral responsibility of each to all. That hackneyed phrase, "Mind over matter," implies Job's sublime statement: "Yet in my flesh shall I see God." Of another aphorism, "No sensation in matter," the real meaning is: There is no pleasure or success in wrongdoing, present results to the contrary notwithstanding.

There are noble physicians and clergymen, better fitted for royal healing-robcs than many who parade Christian Science diplomas. When imminent death or sin quickens the sharp cry for aid, this may be the opening window for divine strength. If in any Christian Scientist there are increasingly regenerating signs, to that shrine will come the famished, because the wheat and oil are there. Beulah's richness once gained, from its plenitude the needy may be filled.

Metaphysical Boston.

Originally published in Boston Transcript, November, 1894.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRANSCRIPT:

IT has been pungently said that Boston is the Jerusalem where they stone the prophets, as well as the Mecca where everybody may be healed.

There is certainly a notion that the Hub of the Universe is a spring of the wheel within the wheel, setting and keeping the world in motion. To this shrine, as an objective point, come with unction the soothsayers, the palmisters, the pundits and punditas of the East, drawn by some invisible magnetism. For the nonce they are flattered by their warm reception and enthusiastic listeners; but the venturers soon turn away their steps, baffled by a new sense of the ungetatableness of the Bostonese!

In the opposite points of the city, as though by location to polarize the whole with mysticism and occultism, flourish the Esoteric Association and the Theosophical Society. Perchance a certain profound abstraction, which one may note in the pilgrims of the crowded and narrow streets, comes from the search people are making for their astral bodies. They suggest the old picture of Donati:

And long might you have seen them wandering,
Wandering as in quest of something, —
Something they could not find, — they knew not what.

Possibly these wayfarers are not Bostonians after all, but beings reincarnated from other ages and climes; and their preoccupied aspect may come from the effort to adapt themselves to the long lines of stationary electrics, filled with would-be travellers, vociferous sidewalk venders, unfinished and excavated streets, Salvation Army bands, Artillery Day parades, sandwiched Indians on horseback, and a hundred more sights and sounds which make Boston so unique a city, and which well might jar on the sensitive nerves of a Mahatma one or two thousand years old.

Here is the seat of the Faith Cure, defined by a bright child as getting cured "by believing something you know is n't true." Although its prime mover, possibly its progenitor in modern times, has passed away, like everybody else, faith or no faith, the faith treatment is still active, and its practical institution, the Consumptives' Home, has ardent supporters. What a mistake to place sundry people afflicted with a common malady under the same roof! We all know how catching is a yawn, even to wakeful persons. Why not a cough?

The ear, as well as the eye, conveys images to the

mind. Who has ever heard that a conglomeration of inebriates will work out their own sobriety? Or that boys prone to lying and swearing, are cured by associating with more of their kind? In such cases is not the homœopathic law — like cures like — “more honored in the breach than the observance”? In the Faith Cure, however, the trust may possibly more than offset the visual and other sense impressions; though it is whispered that as large a proportion of faith patients die as of allopathic or of any other persuasion.

When exiled invalids flee to Denver or Pasadena, only to die there, those still trying to recruit in that rare atmosphere may well ask, *Cui bono?*

And what of the Spiritual Temple, that marvel of wealth and beauty, plump in the middle of Boston's blue-blood domain? How many more would worship therein if there were no overlooking Mrs. Grundy; or if the attendants could but dematerialize themselves long enough to make unseen exits and entrances!

In this temple preachers claim to deliver sermons while entranced, — under such control of departed spirits as leaves the speakers no recollection of their utterances; and this under the very shadow of the Old South and Trinity! Shall these preachers reap what they sow, if not themselves really the

sowers, but for the time being the tools of the dead, who are using the mediums for their own plans, and manifesting themselves through their subjects even to tricks of speech and memory?

Shades of the buried dead! Are the peculiarly fine acoustic properties of this costly temple, due to the fact that you, with your spectral fingers, fashioned its dome and auditorium? And who would not wish, if it were true, that architects of other public buildings in this city of learning might come under the same influence? Yet would not this be a species of reincarnation? Alas! How can we poor mortals be sure who is who, and what is what?

We hear of the Christian Alliance people, who practise the prayer cure, meeting such alleged success that the miracle is, not that the people are healed, but that there are any invalids left. Healing is the fashion, — the rage, — and the city teems with clairvoyants, (who know it all,) seventh sons of seventh sons; persons born with a caul, — wonders at least to themselves; astrologers who, if they do not actually believe they guide "Arcturus with his sons," are sure they can guide those who come to ascertain under what planetary conjunction they were born, and so make them miserable for the rest of their lives. It is written that Joshua at one time spoke with command to the sun and moon. As-

trology reverses the ancient order, and has the planets rule mortals.

All these healers heal, and conduct themselves as though to them the sphinx had privately spoken, declaring life's mystery solved. What matter that most of them murder the king's English if they can only smite the King's Evil!

Verily it doth appear that these healers, — these suggesters of ideas, — these votaries of the retina cure, — these prophets and wonder workers, are not emptying, but helping to crowd our asylums, and keep the regular physicians' hands full of work. Meantime the Psychical Society, by its investigations, puts a premium on disagreeable and uncanny phenomena, forgetting the wise suggestion, "If there be any things of good report, think on these things."

The maiden's vision at Lourdes still draws believers to wash in the waters of that place, no matter how ulcerous the patient last immersed; and bottles of the fluid are thereafter sent to Boston, to be used in small portions, good results being claimed therefrom.

The Boylston Street hypnotic doctors meanwhile are doing their best to see how many normal subjects they can entice into the abnormal sleep. Oh, for the dignified Boylston Street of the past, which began at Liberty Tree Block and ended with the

Public Garden! What spirit of witchcraft has incarnated itself here? Alas for Boston!

The literal burning at the stake of some faithful lineman, doing his perilous duty, is too familiar a spectacle now to arouse comment or investigation; but the mad passion increases for a fad, — a cult, — a trance, — a ghost! Why not hereafter pose, not as cultured Boston, not even as intellectual Boston, but as hypnotized Boston?

If ever this fungous growth overshadows Boston's staid old philosophy and Puritan ideas, and the brains which can conceive and portray a Trilby and a Svengali become common property, who shall say that Marion Crawford is wrong, when he foretells the possibility of summoning Heine, Chopin, and Cicero from the vasty deep by turning the switch of a dynamo! Let us gird ourselves for the new glories close upon us! The dead may enter into the great jamborie. Nobody will be anybody in particular, but we shall all be somebody else.

Out on identity and individuality! Matter will be mind, and mind will be matter; cabbages, — roses, — Parsees, — and Yankees will be all of a kind. Deity and humanity will be interchangeable individualities, and afterwards, — let us hope, — another Deluge!

On the Deep.

From American Art Journal, New York, 1896.

A BOARD the U. S. M. Steamer St. Paul there was, on June 15, the customary concert for American and English nautical charities. Eric Pape, the New York artist and designer, played the violin, and his wife the piano. Antoinette Sterling sang, and so did Walter Smith, F. A. Harris, E. B. Hollis, Jeane Riquet. Two appropriate poems were recited by Mrs. Josephine Curtis Woodbury, of Boston; one, Longfellow's Building of the Ship, the other, written by Mrs. Woodbury herself, after long gazing out into the phosphorescent wake of the steamer, in its mighty ploughing through the sea. These verses were printed in the ship, and sold for the further benefit of seamen's charities.

My Tenets since 1879.

Published in Boston Herald, Globe, and Post, March 25, 1897.

THERE is a special revelation of Truth for the nineteenth century. In Jesus the Christ, Infinite Mind opens to humanity, or rather in humanity, a well of salvation, enabling mortals, while still in the flesh, "to be absent from the body and present with the Lord."

This way of salvation is now known as Christian Science, caught first as an idea, but subsequently taught as a healing system, sure to result in holiness, or wholeness, of intellect, body, and soul, — by Mary Baker Eddy, its highest human exponent, in her *Science and Health*, a volume inspired of God, in so far as it sets forth Deific Principle as the rule of faith and practice, needful for the daily and everlasting health and purity and happiness of the human race.

This book is the scientifically spiritual interpretation of the Holy Scriptures; but to understand it aright, one must find therein the outgrowth of its author's varied human experiences.

As light both has and implies its correlative darkness, so spiritual life has its antagonistic corruption,

acting through subtly malicious hypnotism, the more dangerous because unseen to the mortal eye, and little understood, running into bigoted persecution, yet wearing a lamblike garb calculated to "deceive the very elect ; putting on the livery of heaven to serve the devil in," and so confusing good and evil, not only in the minds of the thoughtless, but of the thoughtful also, leading them to such a suspicion of others' motives, even in good actions, as the Saviour once characterized as the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost.

Throughout the career of Christian Science this enemy has made its presence "a darkness that may be felt," and needing right and searching analysis for its detection and defeat.

My own teachings and writings in the Christian Science Journal and other periodicals, in prose and poetry, have rung out no uncertain peal on this subject ; and the aspersion of hypnotism attached to my name is part of the stigma to be borne for trying to unstop the ears of the deaf to this evil ; for if the writer has erred in this line, it is by trying to unmask mental malpractice, never by conniving therewith or indulging therein.

Not only do serpents poison the crushing heel, but ingratitude stings the beneficent hand ; and I have a right to resent the imputation of evil motives

to one whose faults lie in the direction of generosity; but who patiently awaits the verdict of the future, which must sanction her exertions with the signet of Christendom.

Who is to be Mrs. Eddy's Successor?

Written June 17, 1897.

PERPLEXING query, yet not necessarily disloyal.

Her Gracious Majesty Victoria is still the great Queen-Mother, and presumably not one among her vast line of subjects but would mourn her demise; nevertheless thought is irresistibly astir over the possible changes in the British Empire with a new monarch on the throne so long by her ennobled.

Descending from a line of kings reaching back to Alfred the Great, her blood royal to the smallest drop, sovereign over the world's mightiest domain, respected and beloved alike by those whom she does and does not govern, her reign in years unparalleled in history; yet think you her woman's heart feels no concern at the fate of crown and sceptre when her head and hand lie low in dust?

Not hers, despite her wide power, to appoint her successor. He who will be lord of Great Britain's realm may or may not deserve his high estate; but none can gainsay his title or position, since, by the very Constitution which the Queen herself delights to honor, is the heirship to the throne by law established.

Were she to take the most wise step, as is rumored, of voluntarily relinquishing her throne to her successor, by so doing she would but add one more laurel leaf to her already beauteous wreath.

And what of the Discoverer of Christian Science and her dominion?

Born and reared among the forest-arches and temple-hills of New England, no rich inheritance, no lordly lineage were hers. Puritan blood, yes, and along with it, Puritan ideas. Other associates had she than the children of the lonely farmhouse, or the village lads and lassies. With the Ariels of the upper spheres, she early held sweet converse; with the wood nymphs and the water naiads was she easily a friend; so that even in her childhood and girlhood, ere yet the rosy dream of human life had taken on its deepest enchantment, she was unconsciously attuned to visions otherwise unperceived, and treasured against bitter, bitter years to come, that healing balm which Nature loves to yield to every bruised soul.

Her stern educators and refiners were pain and sorrow, trial and affliction. Coincident with the fading of earthly hope and the increase of bodily agony, came anxious longing after Spirit and firmer anchorage in the eternal verities.

Sharp and prolonged the conflict. Seasons of

oppressive fear and bewilderment; intervals of almost hopeless despair; the presence of invisible but antagonistic forces; all these and more, crippled her resources and baffled her progress.

Then came the crisis. "The endless days, notched here and there with knives," were over. A fall, a fateful injury with their natural results, and the outer curtain of the vestibule of death swung aside! What then? A quick reversion of belief, — an influx of life from a source undefined, mysterious, awe-inspiring. Yea, in a word, face to face stood the woman with her great discovery, Christian Science! "Light had dawned and life and power were scattered with all its beams!"

Just here she found the living, breathing Christ, and here likewise shall each mortal find it for himself.

Spurning this earthly tegument she was sublimated into newness of life, and thus became the feminine exemplar of the Messianic expectation.

Who shall be her successor? As a discoverer she will be eternally her own successor.

When an ambitious mother besought Jesus to let her sons occupy the two places nearest himself in his expected kingdom, that is, — to fill the positions of greatest dignity and power next the throne, — what was Jesus' reply? That the bestowal of these

honors was not left to him, but they would be conferred by the Father upon those who should prove to be spiritually able to share the Christ's painful baptism and sanctifying cup.

Inasmuch as spiritual laws never change, this dictum of the Master's is equally true of all his followers in the present as in past ages.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues.

Only those can rule in the realm of holiness who first pass through the flood of suffering and partake of the sacrificial cup.

Jason, having won the Golden Fleece, no second expedition to Colchis was necessary. There need be no re-discovery of the life-giving Tree, when once Mary Eddy has led the way to its umbrageous salvation, where the foliage is falling for the healing of the nations thick as leaves in Vallombrosa's vale. Nevertheless, as John Robinson said to the departing Pilgrims at Delft Haven:—

“There is yet more light to break from God's Holy Word,” so each of these flying leaves may bear a seed, in time to fructify the soil anew, through souls illumined by her revelation.

THE WONDER IN HEAVEN.

A CHRISTMAS POEM

By JOSEPHINE CURTIS WOODBURY.

Illustrated by ERIC PAPE.

Press of SAMUEL USHER, Boston.

Brochure, \$1.00

And there appeared a great wonder in heaven. Rev. xii. 1.

This is a Christmas poem by Mrs. Josephine C. Woodbury. It is a short and striking piece of verse, only seven stanzas in length, and is intended to show that the second coming of Christ is to be a great blessing to the world. The writer affirms that science, when beheld aright, is nature's creed, and that it is to have a large part in giving us the light and earnest of the Christ that is to be. Mrs. Woodbury says in the closing stanza :

"Transfigured Christ!
Hail happy age, which yokes these twain
In bond divine,—
Science and Truth, a wondrous reign.
This Christmas morn,
Earth's waiting watchers clearly see,
Sweet heralds bring
Earnest of Christ that is to be."

The special attraction of this poem, as here produced, is its artistic form. It is illustrated by Mr. Eric Pape, who is one of the artists on the *Century*, and whose skill in the pictures of the new biography of Napoleon is notable. In this instance his work is of a different character, and one who studies it carefully will find that it has a marked significance of its own. This little brochure, intended especially for

the holidays, and to be had in all the bookstores, is remarkable for its chaste beauty. It is one of the most refined and attractive Christmas presents which has been issued for this season. It is marked by a certain dignity of treatment which is as original as it is beautiful. The full-page illustration of the Virgin Mother means something new in this case, and the illuminated headpieces for each new stanza are a subtle interpretation of the meaning of the poem. The artist and the poet have worked together, and there is a subtle connection between the woman's form, star-crowned, sun-clad, in the front part of the poem and the concluding stanzas. There is something in this poem which strikes a new note, and which will not be found out without much study. Mrs. Woodbury has furnished the public with a Christmas poem which is full of fresh meaning. — *Boston Sunday Herald*.

**From Rev. Minot J. Savage, D.D., Pastor of the Church of
the Messiah of New York.**

I thank you for your beautiful and unique Christmas song—The Wonder in Heaven. Surely you see more than John saw! The "Advancing God" has advanced in 1800 years; and the promise of the future is glorious!

A unique and exquisite Christmas poem. . . . It is an artistic and entirely beautiful rendering in verse of the spirit of the 12th chapter of Revelation, illustrated with extraordinary charm. — *Boston Daily Traveller*.

. . . A Christmas poem of a quite unusual kind . . . is most attractively illustrated. — *The Boston Budget*.

. . . The little book makes a strong appeal to holiday buyers and the illustrations are exquisitely drawn. — *Boston Transcript*.

. . . The poem, which embodies an aspiration for a new and fuller Christianity, wedding science and religion, is prettily conceived, and for it Mr. Eric Pape has drawn a series of striking designs which are both poetic and artistic to a high degree. It is novel and attractive. — *Boston Journal*.

. . . The poem is one of the peculiarly attractive novelties in Christmas literature this season. The poem is fine in sentiment and imagery, and Mr. Pape's embellishments are charming. — *The Beacon*.

. . . It is published in a neat and attractive form, with fine illustrations. — *Boston Daily Globe*.

One of the most artistic offerings of the season. . . . Nothing more refined in design and detail has been presented here, and the pictures show unusual imaginative power in conception and rare art in execution. — *Saturday Evening Gazette*.

. . . A poem of seven verses, which is prettily and delicately illustrated . . . such poems have echoed down through the ages, and at this holy time they ever fall on listening ears and ever stir the inner soul of man. — *Boston Post*.

. . . The brochure is most daintily prepared, and is finely illustrated. — *The Portland Sunday Times*.

. . . Is one of the prettiest of the holiday books. . . . The illustrations are exquisitely done and the whole is elegantly printed on fine paper. — *Portland Daily Press*.

A very unique book. . . . The verses are spirited and poetic; and their charm is enhanced by the initial letters, each containing a thought-suggestive bit of picturing. — *American Art Journal*.

. . . It is a thoughtful poem, in excellent form, with a daintiness of white margin and illustration that must make it attractive for the holidays. — *The Christian Leader*.

. . . Not only is this poem in itself a literary gem, but it is published in an artistic form entirely outside of conventional forms. . . . It is a poem that possesses a permanent value and while entirely unassuming is in fact one of the notable verse contributions to American literature. — *Daily Kennebec Journal*.

WAR IN HEAVEN.

Sixteen Years' Experience in Christian Science.

By JOSEPHINE CURTIS WOODBURY.

Press of SAMUEL USHER, Boston.

Third Edition, revised, with additions. 16mo. 50 cts.

And there was war in heaven. Rev. xii. 7. 8.

Lowell said: "The only faith that wears well and holds its color in all weathers is that which is woven of conviction and set with the sharp mordant of experience." This motto Mrs. Josephine Curtis Woodbury uses in her pamphlet, "War in Heaven," wherein she tells of sixteen years' experience in Christian Science and mind healing.

At this advanced stage in the development of thought and learning it is the narrow-minded only who cavil at creeds. Every man has a right to his own belief, and so long as his life and his deeds are such that he may claim for his belief that it is just and true, his neighbors should not deny him that privilege. . . .

Like all followers of advanced thought and action, Mrs. Woodbury has been surrounded by those who have charged her with motives other than she professed, even stating that she employed mental powers inimical to the welfare of her followers or students. Mercenary motives, too, have also been laid at her door. All these charges are answered in her pamphlet. . . .

All broad-minded people to-day, whether in the medical profession or not, admit that there is much to be said in favor of the mind as a healing and saving power; and though all may not agree with Mrs. Woodbury entirely, her words should carry some weight after her long experience. — *Boston Sunday Post*.

"War in Heaven": This is the title of a pamphlet by Mrs. Josephine Curtis (Battles) Woodbury, who writes after sixteen years of experience

in what is known as Christian Science, a healing method which includes the cure of sin as essential to the salvation of mankind from disease; and contends that the day of this line of Bible wonders is not past. Mrs. Woodbury belongs to a race of reformatory thinkers, and cleaves to these medical doctrines, whose origin she attributes to Mrs. Eddy, known in Lynn and Boston for years as a teacher of a mental system of healing. The name of Mrs. Woodbury's pamphlet suggests the alienation between herself and her former associates, which she is inclined to lay at the door of inimical mental forces, which bringing trouble upon honest workers, seeking to divide those who ought to labor in unison, impute evil motives to earnest thinkers and healers. Throughout her affiliation with this cause she has not only maintained her faith in Christian Science, but wrought with her pen in its behalf.

In this brochure she tells an open tale of her personal experience in the realm of hygienic metaphysics, and her encounters with thought-transference both salubrious and insalubrious.

That there is in mind-cure a fragment of fact is unquestionable, whether we spell "Mind" with or without a capital; and if once its nonsensical barnacles are scraped away it may become of practical value to mankind. No theology prospers without a devil. At first Christian Science had no Satan, as it denied the very existence of evil; for how can there be a devil where there is no devilry? This philosophy of the nonentity of sin it still maintains, but has found its Satan in hypnotism, so that it may fittingly be named Hypnotus. The pamphlet is published by Samuel Usher, and will be read with special interest by all who are interested in the subject of mental healing. — *Boston Transcript*.

. . . The book will doubtless prove very satisfactory reading to those who are interested in the subject, and who are anxious to discover the reasons that led the author from doubt into certainty. — *Saturday Evening Gazette*.

. . . There is much in the book which seems marvelous even to the Christian Scientist. — *Boston Journal*.

. . . The book is published in answer to many charges that have been brought. — *Portland Evening Express*.

. . . The narrative is straightforward and rather entertaining from its apparent frankness and personal allusions to the many interesting incidents in Mrs. Woodbury's professional work. — *Bangor Commercial*.

. . . Persons interested in Christian Science will probably find in the little pamphlet matters of moment. It might have been of immense value as a human document if the author had written out in full circumstance the history of the cabals in the association, at which she constantly hints. — *Boston Herald*.

“War in Heaven”: This is the title taken from the book of Revelation, of a little work recently published by Josephine Curtis Woodbury. Its author probably intends through its pages to refute with facts certain startling statements circulated in connection with herself and Christian Science. She relates her experiences (both agreeable and untoward) in an earnest, candid manner, and one gathers from this little book a strong conviction that Mrs. Mary Eddy has very few believers who accord to her so scientific a place in the world’s history as does Mrs. Woodbury.

The book states that its author, through the help gained from Science and Health, has not once found it necessary, during sixteen years, to turn to materia medica for relief for herself or family.

There is no denial in the book that there has been factional spirit, jealousy, and schismatic action amongst Mrs. Eddy’s followers, but Mrs. Woodbury seems to attribute all this to the influence of mental forces, hypnotic in their nature, misleading in their intent, and whose influence is inevitable until genuine Christian Science is enthroned.

The book has already had a wide sale and has reached its third edition. — *Malden Mirror*.

ECHOES.

A BOOK OF POEMS.

By JOSEPHINE CURTIS WOODBURY.

Decorated by ERIC PAPE.

Published in New York and London by G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.
New York: 27 West 23d Street. London: 24 Bedford St., Strand.

Sumptuous Decorations by ERIC PAPE.

Initial Letters designed by ALICE PAPE.

Decorations, including cover designs, reproduced by Messrs. BOUSSOD,
VALADON & CIE., Succrs. de Goupil & Cie., Paris, France.

Large 8vo. Gilt top. \$2.50

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

From Dean, Very Rev. F. Wm. Farrar, D.D., Canterbury,
England.

Accept sincere thanks for your beautiful book, which I received with great pleasure. . . .

From Rev. Edward A. Horton, President and Executive Agent
of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, and President
of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, of Boston.

High thought and rare art have jointly produced this beautiful volume; the pages are rich with spiritual poems and fascinating illustrations.

Mrs. Woodbury clusters in lovely array mental visions and inspiring interpretations; she reproduces moods and the traveler's rapt meditations; she also sings of great truths and deathless principles. Her stanzas blend the bright and earnest phases of existence.

In perfect tune is the artist with the author's strains. Mr. Pape reveals new fertility of design, and gives abounding proof of originality. His embodiments are in the mould of exceptional excellence; not only do they vividly represent the author's ideas, but stir the reader's slumbering poetry by unexpected suggestions. The entire series is remarkable.

There is a completeness everywhere through the work, shown in the exquisite taste of the initial letters, prepared by Alice Pape, and found in the spacious page, gleaming sheet, and ample type.

The soul of things, the genius of places, the transcendental patterns, are tokened in this book, and through the gateway of the picture and the poem the reader enters into feelings of peace, power, and prophecy.

From Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D.D., Pastor of the First Church of Cambridge.

. . . The book is interesting both within and without. The verses are very graceful and pleasing. The thought is good and happily expressed. I am quite sure that to any quiet reader the poems would make the world seem more attractive, more full of good and happy things, and make life more simple and true.

I have great faith in keeping close to nature. Science is nothing but the knowledge of the way in which God works, and whatever keeps the thought of this constant is of good. . . .

From Hezekiah Butterworth.

I thank you most cordially for the exquisite work of thought and art with which you have favored me. I have rarely seen poetic gems so rarely set; my own favorite would be the "Spring Song." The poems in the lighter vein lose their ripple in the deep current of fuller feeling which finds expression here. The book is a garden; I again thank you for it; and especially for the true interpretation of life in "Cross to Crown."

If I were to make any criticism, it is that the lighter poems should have found place in a volume especially devoted to them. But the book would not then have been a garden of the orchid and field flower.

From Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

I have carefully read your volume of poems, and have greatly enjoyed them. They are of different degrees of merit, as if some were written under strong inspiration, and others were struck off under less powerful impulse. But a spiritual tone pervades them, and all have a high moral purpose. The religious character of the poems, even the least of them, must be felt by all, and no one can fail to be impressed with the fact that they are the breathings of a refined, lofty, and aspiring soul.

The book itself is a most beautiful specimen of typography, and its mechanical execution is superb. You are to be congratulated on the charming setting of your poems.

From Lilian Whiting, Author of "The World Beautiful."

The very beautiful book of your poems with the exquisite illustrations by Mr. Pape, gives me pleasure and I return you most sincere thanks. I never saw anything more perfect in the art of bookmaking than this sumptuous volume.

From Mr. Arthur Howard Pickering.

I have seldom seen a more beautiful book than your "Echoes," as a bit of bookmaking it is quite perfect, and Mr. Pape's illustrations are very lovely and quite in his best vein.

You may both well be very proud of it. Your verses are always uplifting, and pure and noble in sentiment.

I especially care for "Niagara," "A Picture Gallery," and the "Peasant Maid of Domremy"; those poems are noticeably characteristic and original.

. . . These "Echoes," as heard by the author and transcribed, are, with the exception of the last in the book, a part of the work of the past ten years. The last poem, "Class Ode," was written when the author was but sixteen and was valedictorian of her class. Some of the verses were written during a recent journey in Europe, notably the "Kenilworth," "A Roman Vision," and "Peasant Maid of Domremy." The latter, as the title indicates, is a poem of Joan of Arc, whose character is evidently a favorite with the author.

. . . The poems cover a wide range of subjects. . . . Each poem has its accompanying picture or pictures, and the artist has so caught the spirit of the "Echoes" that great beauty and interest are added to the volume. The frontispiece is particularly attractive. It is the "recording angel" and her "unsealed book," partly illustrating the Roman vision. — *Boston Sunday Post*.

Among the masterpieces of the modern bookmaker's art is a collection of poems entitled "Echoes," by Josephine Curtis Woodbury, decorated by Eric Pape. The full-page illustrations are marvels of delicate beauty, and appeal to the artistic sense of the reader almost as powerfully as the verses themselves. There seems to have been the most per-

fect bond of sympathy between author and illustrator, and the result is a book that will ornament any library to which it is added. The verses breathe a religious fervor, but have withal a touch of human sentiment as delicate and subtle as the aroma of a violet. One of the finest bits of writing in the book is the "Peasant Maid of Domremy," a word picture of Joan from shepherd's staff to martyr's stake. — *Boston Daily Globe*.

"Echoes" is a number of poems that are graceful in fancy and artistic in expression. One or two of the poems might well be spared, but the majority will be a pleasant surprise to Mrs. Woodbury's friends, for they show thought, imagination, and tender feeling. The book is charmingly printed, and the decorations by Eric Pape are not only cleverly drawn and imagined, but they are integral portions of the poems that they illustrate. — *The Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*.

Echoes. By Josephine Curtis (Battles) Woodbury.

This is a modest title-page for contents so rich in literary execution and illustration in the best of the art. Our older readers have distinct memories of Rev. Amory Battles, so long our Bangor pastor, — faultless in moral intuition, and heedless of consequences when compelled to declare himself by an earnest conviction. He had two brothers of the same temperament and similar mental traits, — one of whom was our special friend and for a time co-worker. This means that we know the Battles blood. Well, the author of these poems is one of them — a niece of Amory and about as independent. Of the twenty-four poems, those which we single out for a test, "The Shadow of the Almighty," "Niagara," "A Roman Vision," "On Peerless Height," "Kenilworth," "Cross to Crown," sufficiently attest that the merit is not exclusively in the rhyme or melody of syllables — in both of which they are notably excellent — but in the imaginings that would be true poetry even if set in prose. But this broad octavo, or folio, is not needed for the text. The illustrations make a picture gallery, and the decorative pencil is that of a master. The title-page as a sample of decoration is unique in design and faultless in beauty. "Spring Song," "Love's Message," "Mid Ocean," "Mont Blanc," "De Profundis," "Kenilworth," will hold the gaze they arrest, if there is soul behind the physical vision. In mechanical make-up it is difficult to imagine what good thing in the printer's art is left out. But work of this nature to be appreciated must be both seen and read. — *The Christian Leader*.

This is one of the most sumptuous books of the year. Within covers of creamy linen, strikingly decorated by a famous artist, whose work also adorns each page, Mrs. Woodbury has collected twenty-four of her poems which she deems most worthy of permanence.

The selections have been made judiciously, and the range of subject and treatment in even this limited number of lines is sufficient to demonstrate the author's genuine gifts and evident inspiration. A striking note of reverence runs through nearly all the lines of the book, and it is clear, too, that the selections which comprise this volume have been made with a view to epitomizing the writer's beliefs, aspirations, and philosophy, while at the same time they mirror many of her actual experiences.

From a strict critical sense not every one of the twenty-four poems here given to the public is worthy of so wide an audience. The wisdom, for example, of including in so pretentious a work such a crude effort as the "Class Ode," which is clearly a product of Mrs. Woodbury's youth, and therefore, except as a measure of contrast, unworthy to stand beside such a genuine piece of poetry and philosophy as this:—

And who art thou, dread, shapeless wraith, —
Across my path
With shadows flung, — whose icy breath
My lips doth freeze?
"I am thy Past," it saith,
"Quick hastening to my death."

And who art thou, with seraph palm,
Whose gentle mien
My frightened gaze doth hold and calm?
"I'm named To-day:
My heart with love is warm;
I bring thee Gilead balm."

Again I spoke, and questioned one
Who came not near;
O'er her, with rainbow-hues, there shone
Rich, promised joy.
"Thy Future, I, — ne'er won,
But ever leading on."

Concord (N. H.) Evening Monitor.

One of the most beautiful books of the year in typography, illustration, and binding is Mrs. Josephine Curtis Woodbury's volume of poems, "Echoes," just issued by the Putnams, and its contents are in full harmony with its exterior. The tone is pure and elevated, the spirit sweet and sympathetic, and the poems are really "echoes" from a higher life instead of expressions of personal feeling or emotion. Most of them are of a deeply religious character, but in them there is no trace of gloominess or complaint. They are illumined and irradiated by the light of a living and wholesome Christianity, the sunshine of faith and hope. The following little poem, "The Shadow of the Almighty," is a key to the spirit of the whole book :—

"O Mother Love! Thou broodest still
In tenderness divine
O'er each dear child who does Thy will
And finds his strength in Thine.

The feathers of Thy bosom warm
His covering shall be,
When snare of fowler waits to harm
Or shut him out from Thee.

The angels of Thy watchful care
Are round about Thine own.
They triumph over human fear
Who trust in Thee alone.

When hatred shoots its poisoned dart
And clouds of terror lower,
They nestle closer to Thy heart,
Thy truth their shield and power."

The volume is printed on heavy hand-made paper, and elegantly bound in white with emblematic cover, and there are twenty-eight exquisite full-page illustrations and titles from the pencil of Eric Pape, whose work in this line of art is widely known. The initials and tail-pieces are by Mrs. Pape. — *The Boston Transcript*.

From J. Henry Wiggin, Clergyman and Journalist.

MRS. WOODBURY'S NEW VOLUME, "ECHOES."

The authoress of these poems has passed through varied spiritual experiences. Reared amidst reasonable skepticism as to many Scriptural teachings,—a distrust based, not on flippant fault-finding, but on deep-searching criticism,—she came later into the living conviction of profounder truth permeating the Bible, and its Christian revelation; and mostly these verses are the outgrowth of her maturer years.

In Mrs. Woodbury's adherence to unusual ideas she has encountered something more painful than mere misapprehension,—that is, misrepresentation, and what often seems like absolute persecution. This misjudgment has been largely caused by certain inherited characteristics, which are as naturally inevitable in Mrs. Woodbury as lilacs in May or thorns on a rose tree: firstly, her brain power, overtopping that of most people with whom she has been brought into ecclesiastical association; secondly, her keen insight into—and often sarcastic comment upon—opinions, motives, foibles, and blunders (her own included), which set her lambent wit into free play over every subject she touches; thirdly, her poetic temperament, not only gilding what it touches, but enwreathing incidents with airy arabesques of romantic fancy, wholly incomprehensible to obtuse minds; fourthly, a rare frankness in the discussion of mundane facts; fifthly, a capacity and aptitude for leadership.

From such sources has arisen much of the opposition encountered by this lady; since nothing so disturbs people as ridicule, especially when merited; intellectual superiority is a sure rouser of jealousy; and dictators seldom enjoy being themselves directed.

It is well, therefore, that this lovely volume should drop from the press, "adorned as a bride for her husband," to show the writer's finer nature and loftiest ideals; for it is full of devout aspiration, which finds fit outlet to the eye, through the subtle illustrations by Eric Pape, and the lesser decorations by his gifted wife.

If some verses are trivial, like her Graduation Ode, these the better serve as milestones to mark the gallop from girlhood, "twenty miles away," to a scene of victory, where enmity and detraction vanish bloodlessly into the dust, itself soon to be laid low by the dews of peaceful starlight.

The poem on Venice must rouse interest, not only for its rhythmic fire, but for its reversal of the common bridal metaphor. If that old

city be feminine, Queen of the Adriatic, then how could she wed another woman, the Sea? The groom, of yore, always conferred the ring; and as it was the Doge who dropped this wedlock symbol into the water, surely this implied his city's masculinity; and this is the comparison treated in this poem.

Again, in her Lullaby, there occurs this stanza, rousing a query in the mind of a leading critic:

Dear one, watch!
Through Heaven's prism,
Glow each star,
A holy chrism.

Yet why should not a colorless white star of celestial hope shine through tinted prismatic rays, crowning itself with the colored aureole of human vicissitude?

The juvenile story of the child climbing into a treetop has its lesson as to the possibility of overcoming daily disagreeables with a vertical glance into the eternal sky.

Peculiarly beautiful is the Antwerp poem, addressed to "bright birds who soar and sing."

Somebody asks: "Why not *which*, instead of *who*?" Because the birds are personified as devoutly soaring worshippers, in contrast to the kneeling devotees about the altars below, glorifying crucifix and tomb, wherefrom, even by their own theoretic theology, the Saviour had already ascended to the Father above.

In the poem about the three wishful gifts of Eastertide, we find a quaint legend sublimated into religious thought; as *De Profundis* and *Jubilate* betoken a heart purified by gazing alike into the depths of trial and the relief of self-conquest.

No wonder the Spring Song has been called an epitome of human life; that the Christian Leader should republish its review of *Echoes*, to meet the demands of purchasers; that *Two Pictures* should be pronounced a well-nigh perfect poem; that the Turkey rhyme should be said to fairly disarm criticism; or that one literary expert should aver that Mrs. Woodbury's poems affect him like solemn anthems, with background of organ melody.

The blank verse of *A Roman Vision* has been declared unexceptionally excellent, as symbolizing that ancient, yet still waging conflict between Pagan ritualism and the St. Paul of that free "Jerusalem which is the mother of us all." . . .

From Rev. Chas. A. Dickinson, D.D., Pastor of the Berkeley Temple (Boston).

. . . I have just been looking the beautiful volume through, and I am greatly delighted with its contents. Beautiful thoughts beautifully expressed. The volume is surely a fitting illustration of Coleridge's definition of poetry: "The blossom and fragrance of human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotion, language." . . .

. . . Of Mr. Pape's latest work in the line of preparing illustrations for books, probably the most serious has been the group of pictures made for "Echoes," by Mrs. Josephine Curtis Woodbury. . . . Mrs. Pape. . . made the initial letters for the same volume. . . .

. . . Mr. Pape has just completed a large painting, which has not yet been exhibited, entitled "The Angel with the Book of Life." The light-giving angel stands between the leaves of an enormous book, upon which are written, in gold, the names of saints, giving the effect of illuminated pages. . . . In the decorations for Mrs. Woodbury's poems the mystical, spiritual character of the pervading tone was well interpreted. — *Boston Sunday Herald*.

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